NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879. | VOLUME XXVI.—No. 43. Price Ten Cents.

INTO SILENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

In the years which have passed into silence,
In the hours which forever have fled,
Which are washed by the river of Lethe,
Whose waters are drunk by the dead—
For whose sake I would drink of Nepenthe,
The magical potion which stills
All the hopes of this life and its troubles,
All its pleasures alike with its ills;

In those years which are hidden by Lotus,
When I breathe the sweet scent of its rose,
And dream off into dreams far more dreamless
Than our dreamiest dream of repose,
I can see the white waving of fingers
That beckon me out of the past,
And the musical ripple of laughter
Is borne to me over the blast.

The voices are voices of childhood,
The laughter the laughter of youth;
No hollowness sounds in its tinkle,
No falsehood lies under its truth.
And hark! in its many-toned murmur
One dearer and sweeter than all
Steals out of the ne'rmusical music
And into fond memory's hall.

I can see the bright eyes as they sparkle,
I can catch the perfume of her breath—
The voice is too happy and girlish
To dwell in the shadow of death.
Her hair bears the dusk in its tresses,
Her dear hand is pressed in my own,
And out of the past comes the rapture
Which lies in the present alone.

Oh, give me no draught of Nepenthe!
Oh, press not with Lotus my eyes!
I live in the past, and the present
The dream of my dreaming defies.
Let me dream! I will drink not of Lethe,
For I would not forget or defer;
When I dream out this dream I am dreaming,
I shall drift into silence with her.

FAIR AS A STAR;

OR,

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—OVER THE SEA.

The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.—LANDOR.

Three days passed by, and there was no sign of either Graham Goldburn or his companion. Strangers came and went in Ballarat so constantly that nobody thought much about them as a rule; but the circumstances attending the vanishing of these two were so odd that they made some little stir. At length the young man was able to lift his aching head and look about him. He was hardly conscious of where he was at first. Whatever his illness had been, it had thoroughly overpowered him, and memory only came back by degrees. It took him some time to gather that he was at Ballarat, and how he had come there. And he looked in the faces of the rough men about him in bewildered inquiry and alarm.

"Has anything happened?" he asked. "Where is my uncle, and Mr. Parkes?"

"That's just what everybody wants to know," said the man who owned the hut. "Just what the magistrates are waiting to ask you!"

"To ask *me?*"

"Just that!"

"But why? I don't know. They left me here last night when they went for a stroll round the place. I wasn't well, and didn't care to go."

He spoke in a dreamy, stupid kind of way, wondering whether it was late or early in the day, and trying to understand why his tongue seemed so dry and thick, and his head too heavy to lift from the pillow.

"Look here, young fellow, that's a very fine story," said another man, who seemed to be in authority. "But it won't do, you know."

"Won't do!"

"No. It's pretty evident there's been foul play somewhere. It's three days now since those two men were seen, and we've made it pretty certain that they haven't either of them left Ballarat."

"Three days!"

Willie's amazement was so great at this announcement that he could not utter another word. He imagined that he had waked up from one night's sleep only, and could conceive no reason for their having left him alone in this way.

"Yes; they've been gone three days," the man replied; "and when we find the property of one of them upon you, and the marks of a fight round here, to say nothing of this, it has a fishy look, to say the least of it."

"I—I don't understand. I must be going mad, I think," said Willie feebly, feeling as if some hideous nightmare were taking possession of him. "What is that, and where did you get it?"

"It's a piece of the shirt of one of the men that came to Ballarat with you!" was the answer. "And it was in your hand when you were found here asleep, with the pocketbook and watch with his name on it in your pocket."

"Good heavens! do you think that he is dead?" asked the young man, the whole meaning of their words flashing upon him with hideous distinctness.

"That's about the size of it, mate."

"And that *I* murdered him?"

"Well, that's another thing. I'm thinking you'll have to prove you didn't before we let you go. It's an awkward thing to have another man's goods in your pocket, and blood upon your hands that aint your own."

"But Mr. Parker gave me those things to take care of before he went out. My uncle knows he did."

"And where is *he?* You see, neither of 'em are to be found."

"But they will be. It is all a dreadful mistake. I was never out of the hut; I saw no blood, heard no fight. They will both tell you the same when they come back."

"Aye, when they do. We'll keep you till we hear something about them."

It was not difficult to keep him, for he was too ill to move, and he lay there many days, fed and tended by the diggers' wives, who for the most part were both to believe that he could have done any such monstrous thing as that of which he was suspected. The diggers were wrong in stating that neither of the missing men had left the place. Graham Goldburn had returned to Melbourne, claimed his belongings, and sailed for England before the mystery of that terrible night was unraveled. He went straight to the hotel where he had put up, and wrote a note to Mr. Burt, which brought that gentleman to him in a very short time. He scarcely knew what prompted him to address a stranger of whom he knew nothing, but he wanted to leave a trust with someone in Australia; and he had seen the actor speaking with his nephew's friend.

"He might hit upon some way of helping the boy, maybe," he soliloquized, as he despatched the messenger; "and he'll need help, or I am much mistaken."

Mr. Burt was puzzled at the summons, and still more at the curious agitation displayed by Mr. Goldburn when he entered his room.

"I don't know what you will think of a stranger having presumed to send for you, as I have done," he said; "but I don't know a single soul here, and ——"

"Pray, command me if I can be of any service to you," Mr. Burt replied, wondering at the agitation in the face and voice of Graham Goldburn.

His hand covered the lower part of his face, but his lips were ashy white and trembling, and the pallor on his cheek like that of a corpse. He was a good-looking man, this squatter, with the bearing and manner of a man of the world and a gentleman, in spite of his long seclusion at Nic-Nic Gap.

"It is a strange service I want you to render me, Mr. Burt," Graham Goldburn said in a voice choked with emotion. "I want to leave a sum of money in your hands for someone in whom I am interested—my nephew."

"In my hands? My dear sir, I am a stranger here; I know no one."

"So am I; but a stranger can better do what I want than anyone else. The boy is in trouble, or will be. Will you stretch out a helping hand to him, and give him what aid a friend may?"

"But why not aid him yourself, and who is he?" asked Mr. Burt, wondering whether his odd visitor was quite in his right mind.

"His name is Wilfred Banton. He was with the man you spoke to on the steps here the day you arrived."

"Oh, Hugh Pierrepoint, or Henry Parkes, as I find he is called here. Is your nephew an associate of his, Mr. Goldburn?"

"Parkes befriended him when he much needed friendship," the squatter replied; "but their connection is severed now. I am called away suddenly, and I cannot let the boy know where I am going. Will you be a friend to him and supply him with a little money for me? There are reasons why my staying here may do him a mischief. I might do called upon to speak—forced to tell, and I could not. He is my sister's son—poor Jenny's boy—and ——"

Mr. Goldburn's voice completely broke down, and he fairly sobbed as he spoke. Evidently this nephew of his was in some scrape of which he knew, doubtless drawn into it by the man he had been associating with.

"I don't know what I may be pledging myself to do," Mr. Burt said gravely. "Young men prone to get into scrapes are awkward people to deal with."

"I don't want you to pledge yourself to anything except to give the boy a little money for me. I will leave one hundred pounds in your hands for him, if you will befriend him for me. He will understand why I have gone away without seeing him when he gets a letter I have just posted to him."

Mr. Burt thought for a minute. He remembered the frank, pleasant face of the young fellow who had stood by Hugh Pierrepoint's side on the day he landed, and he thought it might be good work to rescue him from the companionship of such a man. If this Mr. Goldburn was a little cracked, there was no harm in accepting his trust. If he did not find the young man he could hand the money over to the authorities, and there would be an end of the matter. He little dreamed of what he should hear by and by anent Willie Banton, or what the horror was that had blanched Mr. Goldburn's cheeks, and sent him out of Australia in such a hurry. And after some little hesitation he agreed to become the custodian of one hundred pounds, to be given to the young man in such sums as he should see fit, or all at once if it was likely to be of use in starting him in any new career. He heard from the squatter all about himself and his long residence in Australia, and how he had sold Nic-Nic Gap, and was going home with the proceeds. Mr. Burt listened and wondered. There was something about him, in spite of the clear, straightforward way in which he spoke, and the hand with which he pulled out his pocketbook shook as if he were stricken with the ague.

"I have no banking account here now," he said. "I closed it before I left Sydney. I had better give you the money in small notes."

He counted out one hundred and twenty pounds, and put the notes into the actor's hand.

"*You* may be at some expense or trouble in the matter," he said. "That will cover anything in that way."

"Your nephew shall have it all, Mr. Goldburn, when I find him."

"You will easily do that. He is at Ballarat, poor boy. You have only to inquire of a digger there, James Oakes of Scurrer's Camp, and you will find him. We occupied Oakes' hut while we were there."

Again the break in the voice, and the shuddering as at some remembered horror. Mr. Burt was about to speak again, and the door opened to admit a lady—Miss Vere. The actor started to his feet in surprise; so did Graham Goldburn. And both men stood looking at the graceful apparition in utter amazement. Miss Vere had left London some six months before, and, though Mr. Burt knew that she had come to Sydney, he had thought no more about her, and had almost forgotten the fact of her existence. A better and wiser woman was the Miss Vere of the Antipodes than the reckless beauty who had flaunted her indiscretions so publicly on the London boards. The death of one liberal friend and the bankruptcy of another had thrown her on her own resources, and she had come out of the ordeal a sadder and wiser woman. She had studied with a good teacher, and under his auspices the talent she really possessed was fostered and trained till she suddenly astonished the critics by showing that she had other gifts besides beauty and insolence. She made her mark in a London theatre, and then accepted an Australian engagement, where she was really working, and where no hint of her former life in London was whispered to her detriment. She was a happier woman at heart now than when she gave supper-parties to West-end loungers after the theatre, and when men strolled away from her rooms at unholy hours in the morning, and made her name notorious by their free handling of it. Free-and-easy in her manners, and inclined to rollicking ways, she would always be after the fashion of her class; but it was jollity with a difference now. The money she spent she earned; and the applause that greeted her of a night was honestly won, and came not from languid swells in the stalls and *blase* coxcombs in private-boxes, but from perspiring masses in pit and gallery, whose hearts she touched, and critics in other parts of the house, who understood what genuine effort meant, and could separate talent and nature from dress and diamonds.

Mr. Burt had not seen her for a long time. He had heard of her studies, and the improvement in her acting, and he saw at a glance the alteration in herself. There was all the make-up as of yore—the high-heeled boots and dress in the latest eccentricity of fashion; the hair frizzed and padded, and surmounted by a wonderful hat; the eyebrows tinted, and more than a suspicion of powder on the face. These things were a part and parcel of Madeline Vere's existence, and she would as soon have thought of going out as Eve went about in Eden as of abating one single iota of her get-up. Mr. Burt noticed nothing of this. Miss Vere without her finery and her fripperies would not have been herself, but he did notice the more womanly expression in the beautiful eyes, and the utter absence of affectation of any sort in the way she greeted him.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said. "I only came to Melbourne yesterday, and I thought you wouldn't mind; but I am afraid I have made some blunder," she added, pausing, and glancing at Graham Goldburn, who had turned, and was looking out of the window. "I understood you were stopping here; but the waiter said you were here, but only on a visit. I couldn't quite understand him."

"I think he is rather vague in his explanations," Mr. Burt replied. "I did stay here for a day, and found him particularly stupid. He is quite right, however. I am not staying here—only calling on this gentleman, who, I am sure, will pardon such an agreeable intrusion."

They both turned to Graham Goldburn, who bowed and muttered something inaudible.

"I am very sorry," said Miss Vere, rising. "But when I heard Mr. Burt was in Melbourne I could not help coming to see him. There are so many thousand miles between us and England that I think I should be glad to see my bitterest enemy if he came straight from the old country. I don't think he liked me much in days gone by; but things are very different now, and he'll forgive me for coming to see him."

"Forgive you, my dear? I'm very glad to see you," said Mr. Burt, taking her hands cordially. "You must come home and dine with me. My business with Mr. Goldburn is at an end."

"I am going out," that gentleman said, rising. "Pray, consider this room yours. The lady looks tired, and perhaps would be glad to rest a little."

Miss Vere did, indeed, look very fatigued and pale. The bright flush which had been on her face when she greeted Mr. Burt had faded, and left her cheeks white and her eyes dim. It was not much to be wondered at. With a hot wind blowing from the north, the atmosphere of Melbourne is not calculated to promote a healthy bloom.

"I do feel rather faint," she said, sinking suddenly into the chair Mr. Burt placed for her; but Graham Goldburn did not wait to see whether she were ill or not. He left the room, closing the door behind him.

"When does the Yarra sail?" he asked of the clerk in the little glass counting-house at the bottom of the stairs.

"Three o'clock this afternoon, sir."

"Got my luggage aboard of her at once."

It was not the clerk's business to be surprised, and he saw too many odd things for him to be easily amazed; but he did think it an odd thing that a gentleman whose goods were all lying in the hotel-store labeled "For London direct, per S. S. Telemachus"—a fine mail steamer, with the best of accommodation, and of known speed—should suddenly order his belongings to be put on board the Yarra, an inferior boat, which went to the Cape first, and was by no means a comfortable ship, according to all accounts. He wondered, but he only looked up, and said:

"Very good, sir."

"And give me my bill. I shall not come back. My portmanteau is ready in my room. Send it with the rest of the other things."

"Very good, sir."

The bill was tendered and paid, and Graham Goldburn walked down to the wharf where the Yarra was lying. An inferior boat to the Telemachus, there was no doubt of that, but able to accommodate Mr. Goldburn and his luggage, which in the course of two hours was all on board, and the passage-money paid. Mr. Goldburn made his berth shipshape and comfortable, like a man who was used to looking after himself, and shut himself in, telling the steward he did not wish to be disturbed.

He was left alone, and emerged no more till the Yarra was far out at sea, and the distant shores of Australia were as shadowy as the cloudland scene in a dream. Then he came out, and proved himself a remarkably pleasant and agreeable passenger; and made that particular voyage of the little stuffy Yarra one to be remembered by the captain, who was so used to grumbling passengers that it was quite an event to have one who seemed satisfied with everything.

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"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr. Burt, alarmed at the sight of Miss Vere's pale face. "Are you ill? Shall I call somebody?"

"No, no. It is nothing," she gasped. "I was frightened, that was all."

"Frightened?"

"Yes."

"What at?"

"That man! Who is he?"

"A Mr. Graham Goldburn. Somewhat of a character, I should think, from his business with me."

"Are you *sure?*"

"I am not sure that he isn't a little mad, if that is what you mean."

"No, no; I mean are you sure that he is Graham Goldburn?"

"As sure as anyone can be of a man's own assertion," he said, wondering at her strange agitation. "Do you know him?"

"No—I—that is —— Does he remind you of anyone, Mr. Burt?"

"I can't say he does. Who do you mean?"

"Someone you and I knew very well in England."

Mr. Burt thought a minute, and then said: "No." He had never seen Mr. Goldburn before, but he could not realize that he was like anyone he knew.

"Then I think I must be going crazy," Miss Vere said. "I should like to see this Mr. Goldburn again."

"We will call on him again together before I go to business," Mr. Burt said. "I should like to see him, too. I don't feel quite satisfied about his business with me this morning."

He took Madeline Vere to his lodgings to dinner, and they had a mutual gossip over English news, and then he told her of Graham Goldburn's singular request to him.

"I know nothing of the young fellow," he said. "I saw him once with ——"

He stopped suddenly, remembering former passages in Madeline Vere's life.

"With whom?" she asked.

"With Hugh Pierrepoint."

"With him? Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Where is he?"

"At Ballarat with the young man, from what Mr. Goldburn says."

"I don't think you will find him there."

"Perhaps not; but he was there—the three of them went there together. He has been living in Melbourne some time under the name of Henry Parkes."

Miss Vere was very silent during the remainder of the dinner, but rose with alacrity when Mr. Burt proposed going to the hotel to see Mr. Goldburn again.

"Yes, yes; I want to see him so much," she said eagerly. "I must have been crazed or dreaming just now."

But there was no Mr. Goldburn at the hotel when they got there. He was gone to the Cape in the Yarra, the clerk said. It was quite sudden, and he feared the gentleman must have had some news or message to take him away.

"I think I was the message," Miss Vere said quietly as they turned away from the door.

"You, my dear?"

"Yes; but I cannot explain. Wait a while, and we shall find it all out."

"We shall know more when we see Pierrepoint," Mr. Burt remarked.

"Yes, when we do!" Miss Vere replied.

THE TEMPLETONS—FAY ALICE AND JOHN.

CHAPTER XV.

HUGH PIERREPOINT'S IDENTITY.

Out off even in the blossom of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanneal'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Burt wondered at Madeline Vere's words, but came to the conclusion that she had either seen Graham Goldburn at Sydney, or the "someone" that she fancied he resembled. Her season in Sydney was over, and she had come to Melbourne to spend a short holiday, and to enter into negotiations with the manager of the Theatre Royal for the next dramatic season. It was odd to the old actor to meet this woman whom in London he had so disliked and despised out here at the Antipodes, so changed, and yet the same; and he was generous enough to forget all that he had known of her faults, and to remember only that which was brighter and better in her. He introduced her to the manager, who had been a friend of his in the days when they were both struggling young men in the English provinces. To that gentleman he also told the strange story of Graham Goldburn's sudden appearance and departure, and the curious charge he had entrusted him with.

"I'm going to send over to Ballarat to-morrow," he said, "to see about going over for a week. Suppose you go too, Mr. Burt, and we'll make a jaunt of it. The accommodation is queer, but you can put up with it for a night or two."

There were two off-nights at the theatre, and Mr. Burt thought it would be a relief to his mind to find this young fellow and see what he was like, at all events. One or two of the ladies—the manager's wife amongst them—thought they should like to go too, so that the affair assumed the proportions of a gigantic picnic—a two days' outing, with a delightfully vague prospect about seeking accommodation at the end of their journey.

Madeline Vere was included in the party. She was particularly anxious to go. She wanted to see Hugh Pierrepoint's face again—not with any of the old fancy which had helped to lure him from his wife's side, and had partly been the means of bringing about the catastrophe of that memorable New-Year's night. She had repented of that infatuation with a sincerity of which no one who knew her in the old times would have believed her capable, and the terrible story of poor Ginevra's death had shocked her almost into a fit of illness. She never wanted to speak to her old admirer again, but she wanted to see him, for reasons of her own, and she hoped that if they did meet face to face he might have forgotten her. It was not very likely, for she was not altered. She had kept her beauty, and was changed in no way save in the ever-changing fashion of hair and dress.

Ballarat was a very different place in the time of my story from what it is now. There was no railway to whisk people from the bustle of Melbourne streets into the heart of the gold-diggings on the wings of fire and steam. There was a very fair road traversed by regular conveyances, and not unpleasant to journey over in anything at all comfortable. The party from the Melbourne theatre made a pleasant trip of it, and arrived at Ballarat at a nice time in the evening. While the others were inquiring about accommodation and so forth, Mr. Burt and the manager, with Madeline Vere in their company, went off about the business that had brought the former gentleman there. The first person they met could tell them what they wanted.

"Scurrer's Camp?" he said. "Ah, yes, you'll easy find it. It lies over there to the right. It's pretty notorious just now. There's been a murder there!"

"A murder!"

Mr. Burt felt Madeline Vere start violently and tremble on his arm as the man spoke, and saw the color die out of her face.

"Yes," was the answer. "At least that's what they say. Three men came to the diggings, and two have disappeared. They say the evidence is pretty strong against the one that's left, though he's only a youngster. Any way, he's got the money and things belonging to the others, and it's pretty certain someone has been killed, though they haven't found the body yet that I've heard of."

"Who were the men? What were their names?" asked Mr. Burt eagerly.

"The one that's left here is called Banton. One of the others was a Melbourne man named Parkes. I don't remember the third; but it's pretty sure Parkes is dead."

"Why?"

"The young one has his watch and purse, and was found drunk with a piece of his shirt-front in his hand, all over blood. It's black against him, and the authorities won't let him go till something is cleared up. There's been a little too much knocking on the head round here lately, and they mean to put a stop to it."

"What a horrible story!" said Miss Vere, when the man, having once more directed them which way to go, went his way and left them. "Can it be true, I wonder?"

"Not all of it, as we know, Graham Goldburn, at any rate, is not dead."

They found the hut without much difficulty. Willie Banton was still very ill, and under strict watch and ward. He could give no proof of his innocence, save incoherent protestations that he had been in the hut all night—had not stirred after his two companions had gone out. Nobody believed him. If his story were true, where were they? Mr. Burt obtained leave to see him, and remonstrated with the authorities on their conduct in keeping him a prisoner.

"We have our reasons," the magistrate said; "the proof is almost complete."

"I can testify to the safety of one of the men, at any rate," Mr. Burt replied. "I saw Mr. Graham Goldburn safe and well in Melbourne two days since. I came here to see this young fellow, who is his nephew."

"We are also aware of Mr. Goldburn's safety, and the reason why he left Ballarat."

"Indeed!"

"He left because he would not bear witness against his nephew, whose crime he witnessed, but too late to prevent it. We have it in his own handwriting."

Mr. Burt thought of Mr. Goldburn's words about writing to his nephew. Doubtless the letter had been intercepted and opened.

"I cannot believe the lad is guilty. Depend upon it, if one man is safe, so is the other," he said.

"Wher, we see Mr. Parkes alive and safe we shall believe it," was the answer; "till then justice must take its course. A thorough search is being made, and will, no doubt, result in something."

In something indeed—in the finding of the body of Henry Parkes in an abandoned claim, horribly disfigured, and with hardly a feature recognizable; but himself beyond a doubt. He had been brutally murdered, his head literally battered in; and that he must have struggled furiously with his assailant was shown by the torn and disarranged state of his clothes, which were saturated with blood in many places. A huge piece of the front of his shirt was torn completely away—the very piece that lay under Wilfred Banton's hand when they found him senseless in the hut. There was no mistake; it fitted tear to tear and edge to edge, and the chain of evidence was complete.

The actors and actresses from Melbourne long remembered that expedition, and Mr. Burt's being summoned amongst others to see the thing of horror that had been brought up to the light of day. There were many who recognized him as the man who had come with Wilfred and his uncle, and many idlers from Melbourne who knew the clothes that Henry Parkes used to wear; but identification was difficult, the corpse was so disfigured.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ANCIENT CEREMONY of serving up the boar's head at Queen's College, Oxford, Eng., on Christmas Day was duly observed on the last anniversary. The head, which was opposed by the college mancipia, was a splendid specimen of the brawner species. The animal weighed 350lb, and was fed and bred on one of the college farms, and the head weighed between seventy and eighty pounds. It was adorned with a crown and flags bearing the college arms, and was carried on a silver dish in procession by two servants of the college. The precentor and the college choir and assistants followed, chanting "The Boar's-head Song," the solo part being effectively rendered by Mr. Hope. There was an unusually large attendance of senior members of the college at the high table, where the head formed the chief dish. The ceremony is a most ancient one, and has been observed for a period of over 800 years, one authority quoting 1360 as being the probable year of the first festival. This ceremony is held in memory of a noble exploit, as tradition relates, by a scholar (Ataberdar) of Queen's College, in killing a wild boar in Shotover Wood. The wood still remains, being an elevated and lovely spot a mile or two from the city, much frequented by members of the university. Having wandered into the wood, with a copy of "Aristotle" in his hand, and being attacked by a wild boar, this student is said to have overcome the furious beast by thrusting the "Aristotle" down his throat, crying: "Græcum est." The animal fell prostrate at his feet, and was carried in triumph to the college.

ABUSE is the penalty levied on the bond of praise, and can be rendered effective only when noticed.

KNOWLEDGE AND TIMBER should not be much used until they are seasoned.

ADAM was the first man who ever owned a Cane.

MY NEIGHBOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I'm a musical neighbor who doth so belabor
Her piano from morning to night,
She makes my nerves quiver 'till—Heaven forgive her!—
My senses seem going outright.
With loud malediction upon the infliction,
I oft rush half-crazed out of doors;
But when I reappear on the scene, in my ear
Again the disharmony pours.

No "square," "upright," or "grand" throughout this
broad land
Was ever so pummeled before,
Than her singing—or *shrieking*, more properly speaking—
I'd rather hear Bedlamite roar.
Of Gounod and Rossini, Meyerbeer and Bellini,
The finest *cadenzas* she mauls;
She observes no *crescendo* nor *diminuendo*,
But with horrid monotony bawls.

Her attempts at *bravura* I'm perfectly sure are
The shrillest that ever were made;
They're appalling to hear—through the drum of one's ear
They pierce like a Sheffield knife-blade.

My condo ence hearty I give to the party
Who shall venture to take her to wife
To a very brief span, oh, that dreadful piano
Will certainly shorten his life.

I should like with an axe just to have a few whacks
At that instrument fiendish, abhorred,
Or with huge paving-stone so to "lower the tone"
That the same could be never restored.

THE STORY OF A HERRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY EMILY R. STEINESTEL.

A herring? Bah!

My dear sir, will you please to take a reef in your sneer, and give the herring a chance?

To be sure, the poor little smoked and withered object is at best but a hunger and thirst inspiring mess; but if you will follow its career from the time it got lost from somebody's basket until it ceased to be a useful promulgator of human happiness, you will, in justice to this odoriferous and much-scorned finny, confess that it really had a mission, and accomplished it quite as faithfully as that celebrated whale told of in scripture, who found his terrestrial contemporary so marvelously indigestible—or, to use the abbreviated but expressive slang of modern times, the whale who found Jonah such a "tough cuss." (I trust the good prophet will pardon me for calling him names, for it is to be hoped the old gentleman keeps up with the progress of literature, and he might happen to get hold of this paper and see that the people of the nineteenth century swallow both him and the whale, and retain them with considerable more confidence than the fish exhibited after gobbling up the man.)

However, as a harmless tradition, the whale may float, for all of me; but, for a practical yet modest wielder of fate, give me the herring that "Ted" Harper found one night as he was going after his pretty sister at the Blank Theatre.

A deceptive parcel it presented, as it lay on the pavement, wrapped in a white paper, neatly tied around with a string. "Ted" made a grab for it, with a thrill of joyous expectation.

"Golly! maybe it's a bonanza!" he exclaimed, rushing towards a saloon-window near, and eagerly examining his "find," his dirty little digits trembling with exciting hopes supposed to be hidden in a "bonanza."

"Dang it! a herring!" Oh, the disgust, the concentrated disappointment, contained in the kick that helpless little fish received as "Ted" flung it from him into the gutter.

"Ted" ran his hands down deep into his pockets, and meditated upon the shallowness of hope and the hollowness of life generally. He had not helped Longfellow write his "Psalm of Life," but he was the personification of the line.

"And things are not what they seem."

"Dang it all!" he muttered. "If that had a-been a million bonanza, me and Nell would a-gone to the Fifth-avenue Hotel and lived like gentlemen, and we'd a-gone to the Conterment and got our names in the papers like high-toners—by Jawg!"

This last explosive evidently meant something quite foreign to his mutterings, for he made a sudden dive after the abused herring, and, wrapping it into a neat parcel again, he assumed a mild and business-like air, although his eyes twinkled with some hidden idea, and entered the saloon.

"Say, mister, buy a 'blind?'"

"A what?" exclaimed the bartender.

"A blind—a something what's got value, and you don't know what 'tis till yous paid fer it."

"Get out, you little vagabond! None of your smart tricks here!" the bartender cried with an angry move towards "Ted;" but one of the gentlemen present interfered, saying, with a jocular glance at "Ted:"

"Let him alone. Come here, my boy, and give us a peep at your 'blind.'" But "Ted" made for the door, and would have escaped if he had not been caught by the speaker, who laughingly wanted to know what was the parcel.

"How shall I know?" "Ted" retorted, with the wit of an embryo politician. "'Taint no put-up job, honor bright—'taint!"

"Where did you get it?"

"Found it right outside of this here door."

The gentleman took the package from "Ted's" reluctant grasp, fingered it, smelt of it, and with a knowing smile at "Ted" remarked:

"Found it, did you, and supposing some of us lost it, thought you would sell it for the reward?"

"Ye-as," the young speculator brawled, looking down at the end of his nose, that he was diligently scratching, to avoid meeting the humorous scrutiny of his interlocutor; then added courageously:

"I must go. My sister she's a-waitin' for me to take her home; I guess the theatre is out now."

"Oh, no, it's time enough yet for another act," the gentleman replied, detaining "Ted" by gentle force. "Is your sister young and pretty?"

"You bet!" "Ted" cried with enthusiasm, "and she is going to be a second Lotta after a while. You see, she aint been at it long yet; but she gets enough money already to support me 'n her!"

"So you are a pair of orphans, are you?"

"I should think so. We aint always been poor, neither; but after mother died father he took to opium worse 'n' ever, and nobody didn't buy his pictures, and he couldn't paint any new ones, 'cause he had no money to buy paint. Then 'my uncle'—you know him as plays the three balls—he got hold of father, and it didn't take long to use us up after that." "Ted" said this last with a solemn wisdom, joined with a sorrowful comprehension of his family troubles, that was as touching as ridiculous—touching from its apparent truth, and ridiculous in its effort to invite attention to the fact that the little narrator was not of common "scrub stock."

"Ted" had by this time quite an audience, who became interested in his worldly-wise, ingenuous little face, and when his first friend proposed an "auction," then and there, to dispose of that mysterious "blind" parcel, the good-natured crowd fell into the idea with acclamation. The bidding began with a nickel, and the fun of competition ran into shillings very shortly, and after a little the parcel was "knocked down" to the "highest bidder" for a dollar-and-a-half.

"Ted" was simply charmed into open-mouthed silence; but when the new owner—after "treating all round"—proposed again disposing of it by auction, and played auctioneer with such advantageous skill that he realized over two dollars by the sale, "Ted" began to think he had indeed found a bonanza. At this moment the door of the saloon opened timidly, and an anxious pair of bright eyes lighted, from out a closely-muffled face, upon "Ted," and a troubled, reproachful voice cried: "Teddy, Teddy, what in the world are you doing here? Come home this minute!" "Ted" rushed towards the door shouting: "Don't scold, Nell; I found a herring, and its turned out a reg'lar bonanza." Poor "Ted!" His exciting "give away" of the "blind" created a roar of laughter, and he was sharp enough to see his blunder and join in the fun at his own expense, while his sister peered into the half-open door in perplexed anxiety. The gentleman, a handsome fellow, who first interested himself in the brother, advanced now to the sister, and, while placing the results of the herring auction in "Ted's" hand, explained briefly how "Ted" came to be detained. The girl blushingly scolded the boy for his "wicked trick," and added:

"I have had such a fright! I waited for him until they closed the theatre, and then hurried home, fearing something had happened him. Of course, when I did not find him there, I started out to look for him, for he has never failed to meet me at the theatre before. I called and made inquiries everywhere. At last a policeman told me a little boy was in this saloon. Dear me, how scared I was! Come, Teddy," she said, taking him by the hand in a motherly fashion: "and don't you ever be such a bad boy again, or I'll do something awful to you!"

"May I walk home with you?"

The girl drew back and her face flushed, but she met the gentleman's admiring glance with shy reproach in her own large, dark eyes, as she replied:

"Thank you; I need no company but Ted's."

A short walk brought the two orphans to their neat little apartment, and then "Nell" sat demurely and listened to the story of "Ted's" herring. A silence of deep thought followed, Nell, the seventeen-year-old judge, sitting with her hands crossed over her knee, her face the picture of sad perplexity, while "Ted," somewhat shamefaced, gazed upon her with a dawning consciousness of having done something wrong.

"Teddy," at last his sister said with a sigh, "I don't know what mother would have said to such conduct on your part, but I know that it is only another way of playing the beggar, and I am right down ashamed of you. That money has got to go back! Come on; I'll wait outside of the door, and you go in and put it on the counter. Come, we are not beggars yet."

"Ted" began to cry quietly, but he knew there was no use protesting; so together they hastened on their errand. The girl waited in the shadow of the adjoining hall-door as "Ted," deeply humiliated, opened the saloon and found the same crowd still gathered there.

"My sister is much obliged, but she ——"

"Ted's" throat filled and obstructed further utterance. Laying the money down, he rushed out and joined his sister again. They gained their home without discovering that they had been followed.

The following day a large package was left for "Ted" and his sister. A letter accompanied it, which read:

Teddy, I trust this suit of clothes will fit you nicely, and that you will wear it with credit to your sister, who takes such admirable pains to make a fine man of you. The inclosure she must accept from a sincere friend to all of her sex who strive honestly to surmount the difficulties besetting their pathway while unaided and alone they battle for place and bread. 'Tis not the offering of charity. It is tendered in the spirit of a brother to a sister. Be brave, studious boy, Teddy, and hurry up into the growth of a protector.

Ten ten-dollar bills constituted the "inclosure." The letter was signed "True Friend."

Poor little Nell! If the Government had opened its treasure to her she could not have felt richer. She knew what it was to make the most of a dollar. The burden of living had fallen upon her early, and the hundred dollars in her lap seemed to lift a world of care from her mind—coal, rent, clothing, victuals, and those not considered trifles in a household which consume so many odd shillings; and Nell earned only $8 per week, and here was $100 to smooth the rough corners of all their needs. Nell bowed her head in her little, womanly hands, and cried as if her relieved heart could not give vent to its gratitude in any other way.

"Ted" had got into his new clothes. They fitted him splendidly. But when he saw his sister weep he went and laid his head on her shoulder and began to force a tear or two from his beaming eyes, just for sympathy, and said:

"What's the use of crying, Sis? When all these 'spons' is gone I'll be big enough to earn money!"

Nell only hugged his head and cried the more, saying:

"Aint it awful nice, Teddy? I do wonder where it came from?"

"I'll bet you I can guess," Ted remarks, a little uncertain whether to express his "guess."

"Why, who?"

"I think it's that nice big gentleman who wanted to see us home."

"Teddy! How dare you think so!"

"Ted" thought he had better retract, for fear those new things would go the way of the herring-money; so he quickly exclaimed:

"Pshaw! It couldn't be him, you know, for he don't know where we live, nor our names, nor nothing!"

Happily some months passed. Nellie was making progress in her business. She had spoken some lines and received the commendation of the stage-manager, and, filled with hope for the future, she flitted out of the stage entrance-door to meet "Ted" and tell him of her success. "Ted" was there, but he was so sick that he could scarcely totter along by his sister's side. He had complained of a severe head and throat ache all day, and now the little chap was completely "used up," he told his sister, staggering with each word.

She supported him until his legs refused to support themselves, and, frightened and heart-sore, she attempted to carry him, when he was quietly lifted from her hold and taken in the arms of a gentleman who had "shadowed" the two from the stage-door.

Nell recognized him with a singular sensation of pleasure, and accepted his assistance with a quiet "Thank you."

"Ted" was carried up into their little room and placed on his lounge, the gentleman saying to Nell:

"Undress him and get him to bed while I am gone; I will fetch a physician."

"Ted" was utterly unconscious of the kisses and tears rained upon him by his sister, and when the doctor came he looked very solemn, and said "Pneumonia."

The unusual noise in the room arrested the attention of the people in the house, and friendly hands ministered to the moaning lad and gave encouragement to the almost frantic sister. "Ted's" "nice, big gentleman" attended to all the doctor's orders, and Nell could only look her fervent gratitude as he went in and out like some masculine angel of mercy. Once he stooped over and whispered to her:

"Trust me as you would a brother or a father."

"What shall I call you?"

"James Overton."

The next night and the following Nell did not go to the theatre, for she sat by the side of poor little Teddy, who would never again find a "bonanza," or witness an auction of herrings, for he was dead.

As if frozen with her loneliness and grief, Nell bent her tearless eyes upon the silent form, her fingers interlaced in the agony of her unutterable sorrow.

"All are gone, all—all—and I am left alone. O Teddy! Teddy! why could it not have been me?" she murmured.

"Not alone, Nellie, my brave little woman. Let me be your more than brother or friend, if in time you can learn to lean upon me confidently. Nellie, here at poor Teddy's side I tell you that I have known and admired you for months, have watched your heroic conduct, have learnt to love you. Do not be alone in your sorrow, dear girl, for your grief is mine—only tell me that my sympathy is not intrusive, and that my presence is a comfort."

She gave him her hand, saying mournfully:

"It seems as if God had sent you. Tell me here, are you the writer of that letter signed 'True Friend?'"

"I am. You will not be angry?"

"Oh, no. It made poor Teddy so proud and happy. He guessed it came from you."

A few months after poor Teddy was buried Nellie left her little room for a comfortable home as the wife of James Overton.

Among the curiosities in their handsome cabinet is a sealed little glass cabinet containing a smoked herring. It is the identical one "Ted" wanted to sell to James Overton as a "blind."

THE TEMPLETONS.

MAY TEMPLETON,

professionally known as Fay Templeton, was born in 1865. She first appeared on the stage with her father's company, when only three and a half years of age. Shortly thereafter she developed rare musical talent, being able to play on the piano almost any tune after a single hearing, and also exhibited such vocal power that she was called the child prima-donna. When about six years of age she played a large repertory of children's characters. She made her metropolitan debut in the Grand Opera-house Aug. 18, 1873, under Augustin Daly's management, acting Puck in "A Midsummer-night's Dream." Her performance were the subject of a THE CLIPPER: "As Puck she achieved a signal success. Although apparently not more than seven or eight years, she delivered her lines with marked intelligence. She has a bright, intellectual face, an uncommonly strong voice, entirely free from 'the squeak' which commonly accompanies child-like utterance when forced above its natural key, and seemingly understands and appreciates the language she utters. * * * During her performance the applause was frequent and generous." After leaving the Grand Opera-house she went with her parents to San

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

D. S., Troy.—1. You were answered fully last week. 2. The army commanded by Pope was not the army that had been commanded by McClellan. 3. The army commanded by Pope was never the Army of the Potomac. 4. Pope never succeeded McClellan, and in that you are wrong. 5. Yes.

J. C., Rotterdam.—1. We cannot decide your bet, because, in order to do so, we must have conclusive evidence that the Mile Zoe you refer to and Leona Dare are one and the same person. Such evidence we do not possess. 2. We do not care for the bill.

GEO. B. H., Philadelphia.—The dealer has no right to tell how many cards any player has drawn besides himself, and there are circumstances under which he is not to tell how many even he himself has drawn. People are supposed to play poker with their eyes and ears open.

T. J. J., Batavia.—1, being A's partner, could not order him to play. Only B or C, the opponents of A and C, could order the dealer up. C could "assist" A, in which case A had to be assisted—he could not play alone; or C could order A down, and could himself go alone.

MUNSON, St. John.—You were wrong. Your opponent, and everybody else about the board who was a player, had a right to see not only the two queens your antagonist had pronounced good, but also the other three cards in your hand.

H. W. H., Cleveland.—We cannot clearly understand your question. Your better plan would be to send fifty cents to Edward James, as per advertisement, and get a copy of his "Manual of Sporting Rules," containing the rules of dog-fighting.

WM. H. H., Connecticut.—The only six days' walking-match which Daniel O'Leary engaged in London, Eng., was that with E. P. Weston, in which Weston was ahead at the end of the first 24 hours, having walked 116 miles 812¼ yards in that time. B wins.

D. C. S., Boston.—No record of the whereabouts of the relatives of professionals. Address a letter to Lea Pessley, in care of this office, inclosing a stamp for reply, and if it is proper for you to have the information she will probably give it to you.

D. W. LANGTON, Baltimore.—Geo. Seward is said to have skated thirty miles in one hour in England; but the feat does not seem possible, wonderfully fast as the time Seward was, and we have never seen particulars published; consequently we do not accept it as a record.

JOHN WALSH, Biddeford.—A colored picture, framed, of the late Edward Allen James, and a steel engraving, for a key complete, can be obtained from Ed. James, as per address elsewhere, for $30. This is the only copy of that picture which we know to be for sale.

DECLINE.—Sheep. "Shearing." "The Canal-boat Sailor Boy," "When the Turks are Going to Drill," "Chinese Emigration," "Fascinating Nell," "Aristocratic Nigs of Tersichore," "Grandma."

GRAECO-ROMAN, Toronto.—We have we last heard of him he was in Canada. He is a very muscular man and an excellent wrestler, but he never defeated Bauer in a genuine match, if at all.

JOE, Providence.—2. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for fast-time records. 2. If you can do as you say, from a standing start and on level ground, you are a first-class runner.

H. W., Covington.—1. Anything is authority for people who elect to accept it as such. 2. You are mistaken as to one thing—instead of being the last edition, it was among the earliest. 3. Having been started in 1856, it is.

M. M., Milwaukee.—Forepaugh's Circus has closed for the season, and is in Winter-quarters in Louisville, Ky. Address letters to the performers named, starting in care of business manager Cooper, same city.

H. W. R.—1. The jack does not count if it can be shown that it was turned up because of the misdeal. A misdeal in running the cards after jack has been turned does not affect the point. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1879.

D. E. H., Kittery.—It would take a column of our space to tell you or anyone else how to play cassino. We shall cheerfully solve for you any problem in that game, but cannot undertake to give instruction by correspondence.

R. C., Ottawa.—If can play it alone on a trump turned by his partner. Anybody can play alone who takes up or makes a trump, or who orders an opponent up or a partner down. D loses.

SKETCH ARTIST, Richmond.—The salaries for the lines of business you name depend entirely upon the reputation and merit of the performers, ranging from $25 to $100 per week for short engagements.

F. S., Huntington.—In 7, 4, 5, 6, 3, 2, there are runs for the 6, the 3, and the 2. Your opponent's argument is disposed of by the fact that he allowed you to take four when you played the 6. The cards had not then run in rotation.

NORTHERNER, Boston.—It is not material whether it is a Southern custom or not. You have a theory in regard to it, and you can readily ascertain from the party whether that theory is sound or unsound.

J. W. SUTHERLAND, Montreal.—Hanlan did not row in a heat with Higgins at the Centennial Regatta; but the former beat the latter prize, he, according to sporting law, is adjudged to have beaten Higgins.

D. HAYDEN, Lynn.—1. Those who wish to compete for the Astley belt should send £100 to *The Sporting Life*, 148 Fleet street, London, Eng., without delay. 2. It will not take place for some time after the date given by you.

M. G. DAGGETT, Schenectady.—1. The book has been out of print for years; and although the publisher still has the plates, the demand is not sufficient to warrant its republication. 2. It is not the same.

A. HINSHAW.—The first shell race-boat ever built in America was constructed by James McKay in Williamsburg, L. I., and was four-oared. It was a boat-of-the-experiment," and was launched June 4, 1856.

JOHN T. REILLY, Providence.—Jack Randall's last antagonist in the ring was Jim Hood. They fought four rounds, on Battersea Field, London district, England, Oct. 4, 1830, Randall winning.

FRED.—1. She is living; but, as she retired from the profession some years ago, we keep no trace of her. 2. Booth's remains were delivered to his relatives. Cannot say about the others.

J. B. K., Lafayette.—Decision. Throws to determine ties are extra, and do not form a feature of the class of bets, for the reason that either A or B might have refused to throw off.

CONSTANT READER.—They should not be allowed to sleep but one hour at one time after the performance of such a feat, in order that the stiffness and other ill effects which would result from prolonged repose may be prevented.

ED., Detroit.—1. You cannot get autographs of distinguished persons to Europe by writing to them. The persons addressed in most cases would not pay any attention to your letter. 2. There is no such book published.

PEDESTRIAN, New Haven.—1. Baths them in salt water. 2. Cold water. At this season of the year a thorough bath should be taken, and the body well rubbed with rough towels afterwards.

W. C. C., Buffalo.—Perhaps the gentleman's treatment of it may better indicate public opinion concerning the matter than anything we might say.

HAINSHORE.—1. No such match was ever shot by them. 2. 4. Ask your barber. 5. A physician would be the proper one to consult.

S. J. O., Cincinnati.—We do not know the name under that circumstance, and the probability is, therefore, that there are no established rules for it.

CONSTANT READER, Salt Lake.—Delaware is a Northern State in the meaning contemplated in this wager. Geographically, it is neither Southern nor Northern.

C. F. W., Boston.—"Ballet" ought to be pronounced ba-lat when speaking English, and bal-lay when speaking French.

TWELFTH STREET.—See answer to S. W.

X Y Z, Norfolk.—1. Yes. Ed. James, 99 Centre street, will send it to you by mail on receipt of 15 cents. 2. We do not know her age.

J. J., Elizabeth.—1, 2. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for both. Pinochle-cards at billiards amount to nothing, not being the game played with them to any extent there.

DIXIE.—1. The word played on the pronunciation in the Bowery Theatre. 2. No; he married Miss Biddies, a niece of Mrs. Thomas Barry, nee Clara Morris.

M. P., Peterboro.—Answers by mail. E. L. Davenport, who died in Boston, Mass., Sept. 1, 1877, was the husband of Mrs. E. L. Davenport, mother of Miss Fanny Davenport.

H. H., Kingston.—If you have "bow-legs," we would not advise you to attempt to become an actor. The deformity would not be overlooked.

CLIP.—He made his first appearance on the stage at Knightstown, Ind., in July, 1837. Until 1866 he was a semi-invalid, residing at Concord on Tony Pastor's in 1868.

FLORIDA, Tallahassee.—1. Make the paste in the ordinary manner, adding to it while boiling a small quantity of glue. 2. By any photographer in any of the large cities of the United States. 3. Yes; unless the one elected has 20 votes in excess of one-half of the total votes polled. A majority is one or more over one-half.

MARTIN BALDWIN, Cleveland.—Rule 10 of the American rules made as follows: "No dog shall scratch a dead dog; when one dog is dead, the living one wins the battle."

POISON VS. NATURAL CAUSE, Baltimore.—There are hundreds of causes. Your family physician will probably tell you which is the likeliest.

CRAZY-HEAD, Waterbury.—No. Hugh Donohue was reported to have done it, but the performance was not authenticated.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—Mace and Goss fought three times, the former winning twice and the other contest ending in a draw. The first fight was for £1,000

W. B. T., *New Bedford Mercury*.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply, to ascertain whether the play is copyrighted.

H. F. K., Rochester.—Flute-harmonics is the name of the instrument, and any music-dealer can order one for you.

LUKE FOLEY, Cleveland.—1. Referees should not be interested in bets, but they very often are. 2. His decision was final.

H. E. C., Brockport.—He could call out on a sweep. All points are natural ones at cassino, so far as calling-out is concerned.

CONSTANT READER.—We should say that there are more saddings; but, as we have not the data to support a decision, we must decline to give any.

READER.—General Grant, like any other citizen, must conform to State regulations as to residence before he can vote.

M. J. L., Brooklyn.—He did not cover more *miles*, but he went a greater distance. See tables in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. L. E., Bay City.—1. Kitty Fyffe died some years ago, and her company was disbanded long before her death. 2. No. 3. It was because it was run from a flying start.

J. D., Toronto.—The only museum (show business) in this city is located at 37 and 39 Bowery, and Prof. C. W. McGlennen is the proprietor.

FRED. H., Hoosick.—The fastest time on record for 220 yards by a pedestrian is 19½sec., by G. Seward, in England, March 22, 1847.

KITCHEN, Baltimore.—We do not supply the trade. Address the American News Co., 39 and 41 Chambers street, this city.

W. W., Melbourne.—Certainly. Accept thanks. When you can do so, please give dates of death of professionals.

T. J. B., Washington.—No. Sweeps are not turned down at casino except by agreement.

J. G., New Orleans.—See "Steamship Wrecks" in CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1879.

W. H. H.—Budd Doble drove Dexter at Morristown, N. J., July 4, 1867.

J. F., Philadelphia.—Robert Craig died in St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 9, 1872.

FORT RANDALL.—We never heard of her acting in "East Lynne."

DRAW POKER.—D or anybody else in the game could raise the blind.

J. W. B., Ft. Wayne.—Sixes are high at poker-dice, and aces low.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—Inquire at De Witt's, 33 Rose street, this city.

H. S., Hamilton.—We have no record of the date of his birth.

C. B., Chicago.—About three hundred persons lost their lives by the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre.

J. N. G., Brooklyn.—He can have two piles on the board at once.

C. S.—Cards being all up at pinochle, you must take the trick led, if you can.

MR. GROVER.—Call at Wood's Gymnasium, No. 6 East Twenty-eighth street.

PIKE TIGER, Providence.—John C Heenan was 6ft. 1¾in. in height.

NO SIGNATURE, Toledo.—We do not know the game—at least, not under that name.

PHONOGRAPH, Lasalle.—Address Edison himself, at Menlo Park, N. J.

C. F. M., Boston.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, now ready.

CONSTANT READER, St. Catharines.—The estimated population of London, Eng., is about 3,600,000.

SHORTY, Fremont.—Any two aces win. It takes five cards to make either a flush or a straight.

168 SPRING STREET.—A player cannot, unless by special agreement, go alone on a trump made by his partner.

C. C., Susquehanna.—Your card will cost $1.50 each time.

HANNIBAL, Mo.—Aces are never high in poker-dice. It is not poker-dice when aces are made high.

GUS GREEN, Philadelphia.—We do not know that such a performance was ever accomplished.

J. X. L., Philadelphia.—An advertisement in one of the leading Fish and Columbia College crews would have met the fact that the former won it made A the winner of the bet. The Columbias were beaten in the first heat by the Shoo-wa-nae-mettes, who in turn lost the final heat to the London crew.

F. C. M., Phila.—Weston D. Fisler played first-base for the Athletics in their championship or professional club games from 1860 to 1865, inclusive, not only playing in, but scoring at least thirty games each season of the class above mentioned. In a very few instances, during that period, was he assigned to any other position than first-base.

ANNA KOUDA, Chicago.—1. We have no opinion to express as to the management of lotteries. 2. We have not heard of the one leaving California since the other's death. When he sailed he was under the management of the gentleman whose name you mention. He has had several partners of late. 3. Express your regrets naturally, just as you feel them.

C. F. K., St. Joseph.—The count is in this order—high, low, Jack, game and game. Next comes one of the innovations which counts the most. If the nine-spot has a higher value than the three-spot, the former counts next after game; if the three-spot is worth more than the nine, then the three comes after the nine.

AXE-GRINDER, Kingston.—As you state the question, we can only say that your opponent is still in the game. His putting up the money will show whether he intended to bet or to throw up his hand. "Dropping his cards partially among the discard" is a risky trick, however, when it is done as a trick.

A. G. G., Beardstown.—You were told that you could bet no more than $2.50, and yet you insisted on betting twice that on one card. There is no chance for an argument here. Even if there were, it would be useless, as it is the dealer who settles all disputes and gives an account of such.

GEO. BOUDINET, Washington.—It was, we believe, done on a track measured and laid out for races between horses, and, such being the case, the performance does not constitute a record, for the reason that the walker probably did not go the full distance.

CHAS. EHRHART, Reading.—It is probable that he did, as he gave exhibitions in numerous places, many of which we did not hear of, and we are not in the habit or write to the editor of one of the papers published in Reading.

J. L. T.—A threw 37 and B 38, after having tied on 43, which was the highest throw in a raffle for a watch. To your surprising question, "Which wins the watch?" we would advise you to attempt to become an actor. The calamity would not be overlooked.

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FLORIDA, Tallahassee.—1. Make the paste in the ordinary manner, adding to it while boiling a small quantity of glue. 2. By any photographer in any of the large cities of the United States. 3. Yes; unless the one elected has 20 votes in excess of one-half of the total votes polled. A majority is one or more over one-half.

MARTIN BALDWIN, Cleveland.—Rule 10 of the American rules made as follows: "No dog shall scratch a dead dog; when one dog is dead, the living one wins the battle."

POISON VS. NATURAL CAUSE, Baltimore.—There are hundreds of causes. Your family physician will probably tell you which is the likeliest.

CRAZY-HEAD, Waterbury.—No. Hugh Donohue was reported to have done it, but the performance was not authenticated.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—Mace and Goss fought three times, the former winning twice and the other contest ending in a draw. The first fight was for £1,000

W. B. T., *New Bedford Mercury*.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply, to ascertain whether the play is copyrighted.

H. F. K., Rochester.—Flute-harmonics is the name of the instrument, and any music-dealer can order one for you.

LUKE FOLEY, Cleveland.—1. Referees should not be interested in bets, but they very often are. 2. His decision was final.

H. E. C., Brockport.—He could call out on a sweep. All points are natural ones at cassino, so far as calling-out is concerned.

CONSTANT READER.—We should say that there are more saddings; but, as we have not the data to support a decision, we must decline to give any.

READER.—General Grant, like any other citizen, must conform to State regulations as to residence before he can vote.

M. J. L., Brooklyn.—He did not cover more *miles*, but he went a greater distance. See tables in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. L. E., Bay City.—1. Kitty Fyffe died some years ago, and her company was disbanded long before her death. 2. No. 3. It was because it was run from a flying start.

J. D., Toronto.—The only museum (show business) in this city is located at 37 and 39 Bowery, and Prof. C. W. McGlennen is the proprietor.

FRED. H., Hoosick.—The fastest time on record for 220 yards by a pedestrian is 19½sec., by G. Seward, in England, March 22, 1847.

KITCHEN, Baltimore.—We do not supply the trade. Address the American News Co., 39 and 41 Chambers street, this city.

W. W., Melbourne.—Certainly. Accept thanks. When you can do so, please give dates of death of professionals.

T. J. B., Washington.—No. Sweeps are not turned down at cassino except by agreement.

J. G., New Orleans.—See "Steamship Wrecks" in CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1879.

W. H. H.—Budd Doble drove Dexter at Morristown, N. J., July 4, 1867.

J. F., Philadelphia.—Robert Craig died in St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 9, 1872.

FORT RANDALL.—We never heard of her acting in "East Lynne."

DRAW POKER.—D or anybody else in the game could raise the blind.

J. W. B., Ft. Wayne.—Sixes are high at poker-dice, and aces low.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—Inquire at De Witt's, 33 Rose street, this city.

H. S., Hamilton.—We have no record of the date of his birth.

C. B., Chicago.—About three hundred persons lost their lives by the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre.

J. N. G., Brooklyn.—He can have two piles on the board at once.

C. S.—Cards being all up at pinochle, you must take the trick led, if you can.

MR. GROVER.—Call at Wood's Gymnasium, No. 6 East Twenty-eighth street.

PIKE TIGER, Providence.—John C Heenan was 6ft. 1¾in. in height.

NO SIGNATURE, Toledo.—We do not know the game—at least, not under that name.

PHONOGRAPH, Lasalle.—Address Edison himself, at Menlo Park, N. J.

C. F. M., Boston.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, now ready.

CONSTANT READER, St. Catharines.—The estimated population of London, Eng., is about 3,600,000.

SHORTY, Fremont.—Any two aces win. It takes five cards to make either a flush or a straight.

168 SPRING STREET.—A player cannot, unless by special agreement, go alone on a trump made by his partner.

C. C., Susquehanna.—Your card will cost $1.50 each time.

HANNIBAL, Mo.—Aces are never high in poker-dice. It is not poker-dice when aces are made high.

GUS GREEN, Philadelphia.—We do not know that such a performance was ever accomplished.

J. X. L., Philadelphia.—An advertisement in one of the leading Fish and Columbia College crews would have met the fact that the former won it made A the winner of the bet. The Columbias were beaten in the first heat by the Shoo-wa-nae-mettes, who in turn lost the final heat to the London crew.

F. C. M., Phila.—Weston D. Fisler played first-base for the Athletics in their championship or professional club games from 1860 to 1865, inclusive, not only playing in, but scoring at least thirty games each season of the class above mentioned. In a very few instances, during that period, was he assigned to any other position than first-base.

ANNA KOUDA, Chicago.—1. We have no opinion to express as to the management of lotteries. 2. We have not heard of the one leaving California since the other's death. When he sailed he was under the management of the gentleman whose name you mention. He has had several partners of late. 3. Express your regrets naturally, just as you feel them.

C. F. K., St. Joseph.—The count is in this order—high, low, Jack, game and game. Next comes one of the innovations which counts the most. If the nine-spot has a higher value than the three-spot, the former counts next after game; if the three-spot is worth more than the nine, then the three comes after the nine.

AXE-GRINDER, Kingston.—As you state the question, we can only say that your opponent is still in the game. His putting up the money will show whether he intended to bet or to throw up his hand. "Dropping his cards partially among the discard" is a risky trick, however, when it is done as a trick.

A. G. G., Beardstown.—You were told that you could bet no more than $2.50, and yet you insisted on betting twice that on one card. There is no chance for an argument here. Even if there were, it would be useless, as it is the dealer who settles all disputes and gives an account of such.

GEO. BOUDINET, Washington.—It was, we believe, done on a track measured and laid out for races between horses, and, such being the case, the performance does not constitute a record, for the reason that the walker probably did not go the full distance.

CHAS. EHRHART, Reading.—It is probable that he did, as he gave exhibitions in numerous places, many of which we did not hear of, and we are not in the habit or write to the editor of one of the papers published in Reading.

J. L. T.—A threw 37 and B 38, after having tied on 43, which was the highest throw in a raffle for a watch. To your surprising question, "Which wins the watch?" we would advise you to attempt to become an actor. The calamity would not be overlooked.

C. H. AND W. S., Springfield.—1. A President of the United States does not need to have been born in the United States. 2. A naturalized American citizen can never be President of the United States. 3. The solution of this is that the male child who is born say in England, while his parents, citizens of the United States, are temporarily residing abroad, is an American citizen by birthright, and as such in course of time may become President.

E. T. F., Rochester.—A wins. B could call his own hand anything that he pleased, so long as he did not admit that the game beating the ace of diamonds was a flush or too much. B should have waited until A "showed down," and should then have "showed down" himself. By acknowledging that deuces beat him, he shut his own hand out, but his "show" then necessary being the alleged deuces held by A.

G. H. G., St. Louis.—That is not draw-poker. Were we to recognize it so far as to make regulations for it, we should be compelled as to the dispute of a fire-draw, which in a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* introduced into the game, like "The Chinamen," by agreement. Once these innovations get well started, there is no end to the changes that can be rung upon them. People for whom fifty-two cards are not enough should not play poker at all.

NO SIGNATURE.—We cannot say, in view of the brevity of your statement, whether A wins the pot or not. Having but the ten pack, B could not be charged with it by consent. He should have waited to see that A had what he claimed before he threw up his own hand. If A is mean enough to take advantage of B's error, the natural result is untruthfulness, B should refuse ever to play with him again.

INQUIRER.—As that for the Stewards' Challenge Cup was the only race at the regatta in which the London Hortical Club and Columbia College crews could have met,

CURLING.

A GALA WEEK AT CENTRAL PARK.

The curling season of 1879, which opened so auspiciously on the 4th inst., was marked by a series of events between Jan. 7 and 13 which made the four days of sport enjoyed a regular gala time in curling circles. The grand match between curlers of the metropolitan and different State clubs, representing the Highland and Lowland districts of Scotland, known as the North and South match, took place at the Park Curling Lake, near the Seventy-second-street entrance, on the 7th, and, the weather and ice being favorable, there was a large turn-out of curlers, and some excellent sport was had. The contesting rinks included curlers from the Albany Club—the only outside club in the match—while New York was represented by the St. Andrew's, Thistle, Caledonian, New York, Empire City and Manhattan Clubs, Brooklyn by the Caledonian and Thistle, Paterson by the Paterson and Ivanhoe, and Jersey and Yonkers by their local clubs. This match is a contest for the Dalrymple medal. It was inaugurated in 1871, and since then the match has been played annually up to 1878, when the mild weather prevented a meeting. The record to date is as follows:

Jan. 12, 1871, South vs North	287 to 234—10 rinks.
Jan. 12, 1872, South vs North	265 to 245—12 rinks.
Jan. 7, 1873, South vs North	345 to 301—13 rinks.
Jan. 29, 1874, South vs North	416 to 317—17 rinks.
Jan. 14, 1875, South vs North	384 to 351—14 rinks.
Feb. 3, 1876, South vs North	239 to 202—9 rinks.
Jan. 3, 1877, North vs South	275 to 201—11 rinks.
Jan. 7, 1878, South vs North	287 to 244—11 rinks.

With the exception of 1876, when a match was played at Prospect Park, the games have taken place at Central Park.

It will be seen that the Southerners have borne off the palm in every contest save that of 1877, when the North managed to obtain a victory. The cause of this lies not so much in the superiority of the curlers of one section over the other as it does in the fact that the Scotch emigrants to this country are more largely from the lowland district than from the Northern section, and hence the Southern curlers have a larger number of players to select from.

THE MATCH.

Eleven rinks entered the arena, and these were laid out side by side from the north end of the small lake to the south, just filling up the space and leaving very little ice to make a selection from for a keen curling surface. The contest began at 12.45 P. M., and was continued up to 5 P. M., when the match ended. There was half-hour's intermission for lunch at 2 P. M., but beyond that there were over four hours of good curling, first-class play being exhibited at a majority of the rinks. Besides the Dalrymple medal, there was the prize of a set of colors to the "skip" who scored the largest number of shots at his rink. There was also the Kirkpatrick medal, which is awarded to the skip making the highest rink-score on the winning side. Major Ferguson won the colors, and Martin Boyton the Kirkpatrick medal, the Dalrymple medal being taken charge of by Vice-president Patterson. The scene during the contest was lively in the extreme. At first the ice was keen and hard; but as the crowd of spectators were allowed on the ice, their gathering round the ends caused water to come upon the ice at times, making the curling heavy. The Park officials should have an officer present on the lake on curling days to see that none but the members of the clubs and the reporters are allowed on the ice. The spectators can see the games better from the shore than when standing round the ends. It being a difficult matter to obtain details of the play at each rink in a match of this character, we must refer our readers to the scores for particulars:

SOUTH.	RINK NO. 1.	NORTH.
J. Waldie,		W. Angel,
W. Ritchie,		G. Haslland,
G. Henderson,		J. F. Conley,
J. Kellock—Skip, 19.		S. McIntyre—Skip, 22.
	RINK NO. 2.	
J. Lachland,		J. L. McEwan,
F. Beattie,		A. McClintock,
W. Currie,		W. Winterbotham,
J. Patterson—Skip, 12.		Major Ferguson—Skip, 40.
	RINK NO. 3.	
Thomas Bothwell,		D. Oag,
C. G. Nicholson,		C. Gardiner,
J. Henderson,		W. Kink,
M. Thompson—Skip, 25.		R. Harrop—Skip, 17.
	RINK NO. 4.	
J. Moir,		J. McCredie,
T. Nicholson,		A. McColl,
S. McConchie—Skip, 23.		G. Addison—Skip, 14.
	RINK NO. 5.	
D. Williams,		J. Galt,
J. Anderson,		H. Duncan,
M. Simmons,		I. Fraser,
J. Stevens—Skip, 21.		G. Fraser—Skip, 20.
	RINK NO. 6.	
A. Manuel,		R. Simpson,
P. B. Shields,		A. Campbell,
J. Fisher,		W. McMickle,
J. Robb—Skip, 29.		R. Laird—Skip, 22.
	RINK NO. 7.	
J. McKnight,		J. Ellis,
J. M. Hughes,		J. Birkett,
A. McKnight,		A. Walker,
J. Love—Skip, 28.		R. Wallis—Skip, 29.
	RINK NO 8.	
R. McCormick,		J. McLeod,
W. Love,		J. White,
D. Muir,		D. Fowler,
J. Templeton—Skip, 21.		J. Stewart—Skip, 23.
	RINK NO. 9.	
T. Jeffrey,		J. Boog,
J. McNash,		R. Shaw
R. Mitchell,		C. Mackenzie,
M. Baxter—Skip, 25.		J. Thompson—Skip, 29.
	RINK NO. 10.	
D. Meek,		J. Seiffern,
A. Young,		J. Gillie,
W. Houston,		R. McClintock,
W. Kelleck—Skip, 35.		J. C. Bailey—Skip 15.
	RINK NO 11.	
J. Russell,		J. Ross,
J. Reynolds,		W. Earl,
T. Gillies,		A. Cox,
D. Dunlap—Skip, 21.		G. Grieve—Skip, 13.

Total score—For South, 284; for North, 244. Umpire, R. McMoxine.

Club Matches.

On Wednesday two interesting matches took place at the Park Lake, the contestants comprising two rinks from each of the Albany and St. Andrew's Clubs—the latter of this city—and from the Empire City and Caledonian Clubs of New York. The Albany curlers were on hand early, and the veterans of St. Andrew's soon followed. The match began at 10.30 A. M. At rink No. 1 that fine old curler A. McMurray was the skip for Albany, and he had a skillful adversary in Skip S. McConchie, who, being assisted by such keen curlers as R. McClintock and J. Henderson, was expected to carry all before him. To his chagrin, however, his second and third men did not show up in good form at all in this game, and the result was that the Albanians obtained the handsome majority of 14 shots. Some masterly play was shown by the two skips, especially by McConchie in the twenty-sixth inning. In this the Albanians were laying with two shots to their credit and their best stone guarded, the "fort" left open being a difficult one to enter; but McConchie played a splendid stone, which curled in and took out the first shot, and then by another masterly stroke he removed the second and left six shots in the circle for the St. Andrew's. During this rally, the Albanians won by the appended score:

ST. ANDREW'S.	RINK NO. 1.	ALBANY.
R. McClintock,	W. Manson,	
Major Ferguson,	J. Weldman,	
S. Henderson,	C. Gardiner,	
S. McConchie—Skip 20	A. McMurray—Skip, 34.	

At Rink No. 2 J. Kellock had charge of St. Andrew's, and, being ably supported, he managed to leave Skip Harrop in the rear by a majority of 24 shots. The veteran pastmaster of the Albany Club, Thos. McCredie, was in this rink, and we saw with regret how ably his men played—for the other side. The score was:

	RINK NO. 2	
A. Dalrymple,	T. McCredie,	
T. Nicholson,	A. Anderson,	
G. Henderson,	W. Kirk,	
J. Kellock—Skip, 45	R. Harrop—skip, 21.	
Total score, 65	Total score, 58.	

The other match on the lake the same day was the three-rink contest for a medal between the Empire City and Caledonian Clubs, which resulted in a well-earned victory for the Empire City rinks, despite the efforts of Skips Templeton and Baxter, Skip Muir doing his share of the work. Score:

CALEDONIAN.	RINK NO 1.	EMPIRE CITY.
W Carmichael,		J. Russell,
J. Thomp son,		J. Heaney,
J. Gillies,		J. McIntosh,
J. Templeton—Skip, 15		W. Summers—Skip, 23.
	RINK NO 2	
J. Waldie,		J. Seffern,
W. Winterbotham,		A. Mannel,
M. Baxter—Skip, 18.		J. Connell,
		R. MacIntyre—Skip, 23.
	RINK NO 3.	
A. Walker,		A. Russell,
A. Young,		G. Crawford,
J. Fisher,		A. Shaw,
D. Muir—Skip, 28.		W. Crawford—Skip, 28.
Total score 58		Total score, 74.

Jas. Stewart acted as umpire in the Albany and Empire City match, and Chas. McKenzie in the other.

AMERICANS vs. SCOTCHMEN.

In the Winter of 1877 George Greive challenged John Patterson to produce sixteen Scotch curlers to meet sixteen American curlers in a match, each being allowed to select their respective players from any club. The challenge was duly accepted, and on Jan. 10, 1877, the match took place at Central Park. The four rinks were captained as follows:

SCOTCHMEN.	Score.	AMERICANS.	Score.
Rink 1. John Patterson..	25	Geo Greive.....	22
Rink 2. John Dunlop.....	30	S. McIntyre.....	15
Rink 3. William Kellock.	32	H. L. Butler.....	13
Rink 4. David Faulls.....	28	Geo. Frazier.....	16
Total.....	115	Total	66

Majority for Scotch, 49 shots.

A return match was played in 1878, on which occasion the Americans won. On Jan. 11, 1879, the third annual contest took place at Central Park, this city, and it proved to be the most interesting match of the season, and a very close contest. The skips representing the Scotch on this occasion were Messrs. J. Patterson and W. Currie of the New York Club, J. Stewart and W. Kellock of the Yonkers; J. Dunlop of Ivanhoe, and J. Templeton of Caledonian. The American skips were Messrs. G. Greive of the New York Club, S. McIntyre of the Empire City; G. Frazier of the Yonkers; M. Simmons of the Jersey City, Major Ferguson of St. Andrews, and W. Winterbotham of the Caledonian. There were six rinks laid out on the ice, all but one having the required number of players, Rink No. 6 playing with but three men on each side. At Rink No. 1 the original challengers were opposing skips, viz., Messrs. Greive and Patterson, and here it was that the best play was exhibited. The contest began at 1.40 P. M., and it was continued until after five P. M., at which hour "time" was called by the umpire, Mr. Elliott, several ends being then unfinished. When the contest ended and the skips reported their respective scores to the umpire before leaving the lake—as they always should do—it was found that the aggregate scores footed up ever totals, 104 to 104. Under such circumstances the rule is for each rink to play one end; but several of the players had left the ice, and on motion it was resolved to decide the contest by playing one end, and the original challenger of the match and his opponent were selected to play the end. At this time it was nearly dark, and it was difficult to see the skip at the tee. But the ice was so keen that they managed to play the end off. In fact, finer weather or keener curling ice was never enjoyed in a match than on this interesting occasion. Father Ritchie led off on the tee end and made a good "draw," but Earle raised it and lay the shot. Then Mr. Dalrymple replaced Earle's stone with his own, but in turn was set aside by a good one from McLintock. Willie Houston now went into the "ches and lie" business with effect; and, as Cook failed to change the aspect of things, the Scotch side had the shot when the skips went down to play the last stones. The veteran Patterson led off with a good one, which almost insured the shot, as it was now well guarded, but Skip Greive first removed the guard and then took the shot amidst loud applause. This left the total score at 105 to 104 in favor of the Americans.

AMERICANS.	RINK 1.	SCOTCHMEN.
Walter Earle,		W. Ritchie,
Robert McLintock,		A. Dalrymple,
Allen M. Cock,		Wm. Houston,
Geo. Greive, skip.....	16	John Patterson, skip.....10
	RINK 2.	
J. L. Robertson,		James Robb,
Geo. Crawford,		G. T. Addison,
Wm. Crawford,		James Kellock,
Samuel McIntyre, skip....	18	James Stewart, skip.....12
	RINK 3.	
James F. Stewart Jr.,		S. McConchie,
John S. White,		Thomas Nicholson,
Isaiah Frazier,		Jos. Henderson,
Geo. Frazier Sr., skip.....	30	John Dunlop, skip..... 24
	RINK 4.	
James McKnight,		Robert Russell,
William Edwards,		David Foulis,
James Clark,		David Muir,
M. Simmonds, skip.....	17	John Templeton, skip.... 11
	RINK 5	
Henry Garrison,		David Ballentine,
Lindsey Watson,		James McNeish,
W. H. Stewart,		George Henderson,
Major Ferguson, skip.....	14	William Kellock, skip.... 28
	RINK 6.	
C. C. Brewster,		Robert Simpson,
Robert Kellock,		A. W. Ralston,
W. Winterbottom, skip..	19	William Currie, skip..... 19
Total.....	104	Total..... 104

Umpire, Mr. Elliott, president New York Horticultural Society. Time of match, 3h. 45m.

TORONTO vs. BUFFALO.

The annual match between the above clubs for the Thomson-Scovell gold medal was played at the Adelaide-street Rink, Toronto, Ont., on Jan. 7. The ice was in splendid condition, and the game was keenly contested throughout, the Toronto Club winning by only 17 points, the score being as follows:

TORONTO.	RINK No. 1.	BUFFALO. RINK No. 1.
G. Duthie,		W. Christie,
J. Shanklin,		John Drury,
Rev. Dr. Barclay,		Isaac Holloway,
D. Forbes, skip.....	22	John Walks, skip..... 22
	RINK No. 2.	RINK No. 2.
W. Hall,		W. Brown,
W. Gillespie		J. W. Ruger,
J. S. Russell,		W. Moses,
Capt. Perry, skip.....	35	D. Bell, skip 19
	RINK No. 3.	RINK No. 3.
J. Bain,		Geo. Buckbeit,
G. W. Postlethwaite,		W. H. Baker,
W. Rayly,		Chas. Holloway,
J. Riddell, skip.....	19	L. Kirchover, skip..... 29
	RINK No. 4.	RINK No. 4.
John Wright,		Geo. Macnoe,
J. O. Heward,		C. J. Onink,
T. McGaw,		Jas. Adams,
D. Walker, skip.....	28	Chas. Berwick, skip..... 17
Total.....	104	Total..... 87

After the game the members of both clubs, together with their friends, sat down to an excellent spread, to which full justice was done. When the cloth was removed toasts and songs were the order of the evening, the company separating at a late hour, highly satisfied with the day's sport.

THE INTER-STATE MATCH.—This match—New York vs. New Jersey—was to have been played on Jan. 9, but the rainstorm of that day necessitated a postponement, and it will take place on Thursday next, Jan. 16, when a very exciting contest between ten rinks of players may be looked for. The contesting clubs will include players from the St. Andrews, Empire City, Caledonian, Thistle, New York, and Manhattan of New York, the Thistle of Brooklyn, and the clubs of Yonkers and Albany. On behalf of New Jersey, there will be the Ivanhoe and Paterson Clubs and the clubs of Newark and Jersey City.

BOWLING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The race for the championship still goes on between the clubs of the National Bowling Association. The clubs belonging to the Association are the Athletics, Nassaus, Pin Knights, Mutuals, Columbia, South-sides, Long Islands and Nameless of Brooklyn, E. D., and the Terpsichores and Manhattans of this city, the above ten clubs representing about five hundred bowlers. The game is the ten-frame (strikes and spares), better known as the American game; the contesting clubs play each one game with one another on neutral alleys, the club winning the majority of games to receive the championship emblem at the close of the season. Out of forty-five games to be rolled, seventeen have already been played. Below will be found a complete list, as well as the totals of each club.

Pin Knights	1553	Nameless	1341
Athletics	1673	South Sides	1531
Manhattan	1531	Long Islands	1336
Manhattan	1491	Nameless	1364
Terpsichore	1446	Pin Knights	1446
Nassau	1563	Columbias	1503
Pin Knights	1543	Long Island	1292
Nameless	1440	Long Island	1357
Terpsichores	1538	South Sides	1477
Nameless	1380	South Sides	1351
Pin Knights	1686	Manhattan	1482
Mutuals	1692	Columbia	1690
Columbias	1560	Manhattan	1371
Nameless	1779	Terpsichore	1533
Pin Knights	1709	Nassau	1642
South Sides	1668	Manhattan	1429
Athletics	1726	Nameless	1397

By the above scores it will be seen that the Pin Knights have the lead; but the present week will witness four or five matches, and the tables may be changed.

TERPSICHORE CLUB.

At a practice game of the above club, on their alleys, 294 Bowery, this city, Jan. 8, the following scores was made:

Isaac Hahn	161	A. Naething	171
Henry Groh	152	T. Greentree	149
Wm. Biele	168	C. Martin	154
Geo. Denny	144	J. H. Escher	154
F. Schultz	139	J. A. Mercker	124
Ed. Groh	142	Dr. Bergeman	139
Geo. Kuhn	166	C. Timpe	161
C. Eueman	184	H. Naething	157
Total	1,156	Total	1,189

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH between the Terpsichores of New York and the Long Islands of Brooklyn will be played at 270 Bowery this evening, Jan. 14.

AQUATIC.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the executive committee of this Association was held at the Metropolitan Hotel, this city, Jan. 11 the members present being O. M. Remington, J. H. G. Weis, H. W. Garfield, W. H. Allen, B. L. Keys and T. W. Kennedy. The secretary read communications from different colleges, in response to circulars addressed to them with a view of obtaining a statement of their preferences in regard to the style of boats to be rowed in the races for the cups presented by the Triton, Eureka and Passaic Clubs of Newark. The majority favored races in single scull, four-oared and eight-oared shells, and the report of the committee, recommending that none but undergraduates who had taken their degree during the year of the college races entered be eligible, that the said races should take place previous to the regular regatta races, and that the races should be for singles, fours and eights, was adopted. A dispatch was received from Harvard, declining to meet either Oxford or Cambridge, should either of them consent to row in America under the management of the association, and both Yale and Harvard sent word that they considered the annual race with each other paramount, and could not undertake to send representative crews to the cup races. The Committee reinstated the disqualified oarsmen of the Fairmount Rowing Association, and Messrs. Buermyer, Watts and Keys were appointed a committee to take testimony and report on the application of Ed. Smith of the Argonautas for reinstatement. The same gentlemen were appointed a special committee to report upon the time and place of holding the next regatta.

HARVARD TO ROW YALE ONLY.

On the evening of Jan. 10 the Harvard University B. C. held a meeting in Holden Chapel, at which President Trimble read the Oxford and Cornell letters, and explained the action of the Executive Committee in regard to the Cornell challenge. Resolutions were passed approving the action of the Executive Committee. It was stated that, on account of the failure to arrange a race with Oxford, that the old crew had elected Richard Trimble, '80, captain, to succeed Mr. Bancroft. President Trimble read a telegram from Henry W. Garfield, secretary of the N. A. A. O., asking if Harvard would enter a four or an eight in the National Association race to meet Oxford or Cambridge in case they could be induced to cross the ocean. In view of the disbandment of the old crew, it was decided advisable to send a negative answer. The president stated that candidates for the crew were wanted to row in the Yale race, which would be the only one this year. It is a matter for regret that Harvard is not to be represented in the college race at the National Regatta, as it had been hoped that, if private matches could not be arranged between them, crews from that college, Cornell and Columbia would measure oars for the trophy then offered. The donors of the valuable prize presented for yearly competition by university oarsmen were actuated by a spirit of liberality and an earnest desire to foster the love of rowing among collegemen which deserve the recognition and support of those for whose special benefit this action was taken, and it is a pity that Harvard has taken the lead in voting adversely. It is to be hoped that an opposite course may be pursued by the other leading colleges.

THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB held an election Jan. 8, with this result: Commodore, John S. Dickerson; vice-commodore, James D. Smith; rear-commodore, R. S. Huntley; president, Henry W. Turner; secretary and treasurer, William Lee; assistant secretary, W. R. Wadsworth; treasurer, J. M. Sawyer; judge-advocate, Henry C. Place; trustees, D. S. Hines, P. W. Ostrander, M. T. Davidson and H. S. Wood, together with the flag-officers; committe on membership, J. L. Blood, F. W. Jenkins and J. F. Ames; regatta committee, J. F. Ames, P. W. Ostrander and A. C. Washington.

THE HALIFAX (N. S.) ROWING CLUB held a business meeting Jan. 7, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Thos. Hanrahan; vice-president, Silas Townsend; secretary, Will Craigen; treasurer, John Ead Jr.; with a managing committee of five. The club has engaged Wm. White of Ferguson's Cove for the coming aquatic season. Mr. White was present, and a very favorable opinion is entertained of his appearance, and that he will take a front place among the oarsmen of this Continent before 1879 is over.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Ariel Boat Club of Newark, N. J., held Jan. 7, the following officers were elected to serve for this year: Commodore, John M. Ross; president, F. Freeman; vice-president, Thos. Austin; captain, J. Bennett; lieutenant, J. Quinn; secretary, Thos. Sweeny; assistant secretary, Robt. Cheery; treasurer, W. S. Baine; trustees, Henry Schenck, C. A. Freeman, J. Richeimer, W. Anthony, and C. Oakley.

SUIT HAS been instituted against a number of citizens of Montreal, Canada, who failed to pay up the amounts they guaranteed to pay towards the fund for the Hanlan-Courtney race at Lachine. Perhaps some of the true inwardness of that affair may now be brought to the surface.

EDWARD HANLAN is now a member of the Masonic body, having been initiated in King Solomon's Lodge of Toronto, Ont., on the evening of Jan. 9.

GEORGE PERKINS easily defeated George Puckett in a race from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng., Dec. 23. Time, 27m. 56½s.

GEO. HOSMER'S trip to England was of short duration, as he returned to Boston, Mass., in the steamer Victoria, Jan. 8.

THE NINTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., will hold a reception and hop at the armory, 221 West Twenty-sixth street, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14. Dancing commences at 8 o'clock, and continues until 1 A. M.

W. H. CLARK, the well-known breeder of sporting dogs and greyhounds, as also of blood stock and hunters, died at his residence, the Hook House, Howden, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, Eng., Dec. 30.

AMATEUR.

Continued from page 342.

of the Ladies' Physiological Institute.....The Harrison Club are to produce E. A. Locke's new sketch, "Crazy," in Turn Hall 23.....The Wallacks are rehearsing "Ruby" and "The Arcadians," J. Cheever Goodwin's new play, both to be produced the coming month.

THE CLOG CLUB of Cincinnati perform at Robinson's Opera-house Jan. 14 "Above the Clouds" and "Rough Diamond," 21 they give "The Two Orphans," and 28 "Led Astray."....The Shakespeare Club took a rest 7, while a semi-professional quartet rendered the operetta entitled "The Admiral's Daughter."

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"LES DEUX FAUTES," a one-act comedy by George de Porto-Riche, was recently brought out at the Odeon Theatre, Paris. The story is thus told:

A young lawyer named Paul Dufresny is about to marry a charming orphan of good family, Blanche Andre, whose guardian is her brother, a rising engineer, and everything goes "merry as a marriage-bell." The young people are over head and ears in love, and as Paul's mother, who lives in the country, has given her consent by letter, there seems not the slightest dread of any impediment to their happiness. Madame Dufresny, who comes up to Paris to sign the contract, has hardly arrived, however, when it becomes evident by her manner that some unforeseen obstacle has arisen. Indeed, the lady's first move is to request a private interview with M. Andre, the bride's brother and guardian; and no sooner is she closeted with him than she tells him bluntly that the marriage is impossible. I should have mentioned that Andre is married to a pretty wife, Juliette, who is deeply attached to her sister-in-law, and who is liked and respected by all her acquaintances. Madame Dufresney has, however, only just been made aware that Juliette had originally been Andre's mistress. When a young man at college he had seduced her, and afterwards, when his means permitted him to do so, he had made her the only reparation in his power by marrying her. Madame Dufresny, who is extremely strait-laced on the point of feminine virtue, declares she cannot allow her son to enter a family on which such a stigma rests. This objection is so futile that the spectator perceives at once that it has only been raised in order to be disposed of, and the expedient adopted by the author for bringing Paul's mother to reason is childish enough. It turns out that the rigidly scrupulous Madame Dufresny had not always been so strict. One evening in years gone by, when going to keep an assignation at a certain house, she discovered when on the threshold that she was followed by her husband, unbeknown to himself. There was no turning back; so, instead of entering the flat occupied by the lover she had come to visit, she ran up the stairs as fast as she could to the fifth story, and, finding a door open, rushed into a little room occupied by a young work-girl, to whom she related her danger, imploring means of hiding herself. The girl yielded to her solicitations, afforded her hospitality, and ultimately succeeded in enabling her to escape undiscovered. Madame Dufresny, as a reward for the service thus rendered to her, left on the table a purse filled with gold. This little workgirl it was who became later on Madame Andre. She had distrusted the motive of the money, but had retained the purse. And now, when Juliette bears for what reason the marriage of Blanche is to be broken off, and when she recognizes in Madame Dufresny the guilty heroine of the adventure in question, she quietly places the purse in order to convince Paul's mother that such extremely rigid notions about propriety do not at all become her. Madame Dufresny is for an instant in terror lest Juliette may expose her; but Madame Andre is generous, and all ends happily.

MLLE. ÆNEA'S "dying dance" constitutes the hit of the pantomime of "Jack the Giant-killer" at the Gaiety Theatre, London. In this extraordinary scene the lady steps, apparently, from a bridge to the stage twenty feet beneath, and again on the shoulder of a man, and up again on the bridge, which, suddenly parting in two, again lets the fairy-like dancer down to the stage.

MLLE. BEATRICE (Marie Beatrice Binda) died in Kensington, London, Eng., on Sunday, Dec. 22. Deceased was born at Lucca, Italy, Jan. 8, 1836, was a daughter of Chevalier Binda, for many years British Consul at Florence and Leghorn. Her father's income becoming greatly reduced, Mlle. Beatrice adopted the stage as a profession, making her debut at the Varietés Theatre, Paris. During the past nine years she has had a company of her own, traveling through England.

GEORGE YARNOLD, comedian, died in London, Eng., Dec. 23, from the effects of acute bronchitis, combined with paralysis.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD states that all the societaires and pensionnaires composing the members of the Comedie Francais Company on Dec. 20 elected contracts to appear in London, at the Gaiety Theatre, this year.

Our Australian Letter.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MELBOURNE, Dec. 3, 1878.

The dullest of dull seasons in the dramatic year is now upon us. Several places of amusement are open, but hardly any of them paying expenses. At the date of my last communication Mr. Creswick was playing his second season in Melbourne. Histrionically it was a grand success; but, consequent upon great opposition, I question much if it was so financially. He took his present farewell of the Melbourne people at a benefit Nov 23 last, when he appeared as the hero in "Don Cæsar Tells" and as the henpecked Mr. Oakley in "The Jealous Wife." The house was crammed, and the veteran actor was cordially and warmly received. He has since, in company with his newly-married wife, his son Walter, his wife's wife, the star's leading lady—Miss Helen Ashton—gone to Tasmania, there to combine business with pleasure, as he is engaged to play in that little island in Hobart Town and Launceston. He will be supported by W. J. Holloway's company performing at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide. In Melbourne, on the departure of Mrs. Creswick, Theodore Hamilton, a new arrival from America, opened at the Princess'. His part was "The Lady of the Lake," and received a warm and hearty reception. He is not a great actor, though a useful one. Charles Wheatleigh, who was specially engaged to play Roderick Dhu, pounded away manfully as new aspirant, and gave us a magnificent rendition of the character of the brave Scot. The company, which is the very best in Melbourne, played well throughout. After running a fortnight, it was withdrawn (Dec. 12) for Boucicault's "Arrah-na," with Mr. Hamilton in the title character, and "A Bull in a China Shop," with Mr. Wheatleigh as Bagshot ..... Joseph Aarons, the proprietor of the pretty little Theatre Royal, and who has conducted it from G. B. W. Lewis, the late lessee, Nov. 21, and on the 22d gave the house (lighted) rent free, for a benefit in aid of the funds of the Dramatic and Musical Association. A very weak programme was presented, the particular features in the way of novelty being the appearance of George Coppin as Demosthenes Dodge in "The Artful Dodge," and J. R. Greenville as Peter White in "Mr. and Mrs. White." A sum of some £50 will accrue to the Association. On the 23d an opera-bouffe season by the Henry Bracy George Leopold Combination commenced, and introduced for the first time to an Australian audience "Les Cloches de Corneville," with Miss Clara Thompson as Serpoletta. In every way it was a success, barring the miser of Mr. H. Wallace, which was a burlesque of a good character-part. For the Christmas extravaganza Mr. Aarons has, I believe, re-engaged the opera company, and will introduce a new prima-donna, Mlle. Rosalind Dale, to the Melbourne stage.

The Princess' Theatre, after several ineffectual attempts at success, has again "closed until further notice." I hear that Mr. Tavares, the lessee, has lost over £5 0 by the venture ..... At the date of my last effusion George Rignold was cramming the Theatre Royal nightly by his impersonation of Henry V. At the close of his engagement the Darrells proceed to Tarranaki and play a star engagement of a week; thence to Wellington, and at the Imperial Opera-house Dec. 26 Mr. Darrell will produce "Henry V." with George Rignold and a strong company. After playing three weeks the dramatic party will proceed to Christchurch for twelve nights; thence to Dunedin, where Mr. Darrell has leased the Princess' Theatre for eight weeks, commencing Feb. 3, 1879. At the conclusion of Mr. Rignold's season in that city Bach, from Victoria, will be presented for six nights; then will follow Mr. Creswick and Miss Ashton, who are under engagement to Mr. Darrell for the whole of New Zealand. These artists, after playing Dunedin, will complete season in Timaru, Christchurch, Wellington, Napier, Auckland, and perhaps one or two of the smaller townships. Miscellaneous items from New Zealand are to the effect that at Dunedin have been Baker and Farrow with Mr. Williamson's "Struck Oil;" at Wellington Madame Tasca, Miss Rosaly Mora, and Mr. Plumpton, following upon Michael and Charlesworth, whom Madame Tasca is considered quite to have eclipsed; that at Auckland was a company of which Miss Amy Sherwin was principal, and they were followed by Darrell and his "Black Crook" ballet, which excited so much new York that a clergyman took the title as a subject to lecture upon; that Miss Sherwin, after her Auckland success, favored the places between Auckland and Wellington; that in Christchurch was a mechanical drama of the toy called "The Blacksmith's Dream;" also Cheevers, Kennedy, Billy Sent, also Burton's Circus; also "Flying Scud" at the Theatre Royal, under the direction of Mr. Walton and Mr. Rapper; also a colt, a lamb and a sheep, with an irregular number of heads and legs; also some marionettes at the Gayety Theatre, also the announcement that the Kelly & Leon Company were coming to Christchurch, to be followed by Baker and Farrow, they to be followed by "Henry V." with Rignold. At Invercargill have been the Stewart Family, doing exceedingly well with their clever entertainment; at Napier, Hunt Coen and Val Dare; at Wanganui, another circus; at Waitake, a panorama; at the Thames, the Elder Brothers; and at Timaru, Mr. Hyde's burlesque troupe playing "Struck Oil." Respectfully yours, CALLBOY.

MUSICAL.

THE DEATH is announced—at Cologne, of Albert De Thier, aged 72, author of "The History of the Music of Antiquity;" and at Elberfield, aged 69, of F. A. Eb, composer of choruses.

LEON ESCUDIER'S paper—*L'Art Musical*—is authority for the statement that Sir Richard Wallace had purchased and was to present to the city of Paris the Paris Italian Opera house, which the Foncier Assurance Company desired to convert into a bank.

AMUSEMENTS.

CARD TO THE MILTONS.—Fifty dollars remains in regard to your commissions on the engagements at TONY PASTOR'S, HARRY MINER'S, TOM HUGHES' INTERNATIONAL, at once. R. FITZGERALD & CO., 43 East Twelfth street, N. Y. 43-1t*

"TAFFY," Comedy's latest song, by comic "CARRY'S SOCIAL CLUB." Harrison's latest, 35 cents. HARDING'S, 329 Bowery. Send for Catalogue. 43-1t*

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THE ROYAL MANIONETTES.
MAAS AND TURNER, BRYANT AND HOEY,
JOHN MORRIS, WILLIAM CONRAD
AND TROUPE OF PERFORMING DOGS,
LANGLOIS BROTHERS, TURNER AND GEYER,
MAY VERNON,
TONY PASTOR TONY PASTOR
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AND HIS 100 STARS.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. 43 1t

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HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
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in an entirely new local comic drama, a SEQUEL to the "MULLIGAN GUARD PICNIC," written by Edward Harrigan, and entitled THE MULLIGAN GUARD BALL.
DAN MULLIGAN.....MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN
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Incidental to the play, "The Babies on Our Block" and "The Hallway Door," sung by Edward Harrigan. "The Skidmore Fancy Ball," sung by John Wild, Billy Gray and the "Skids." The SNOW BROTHERS and FRYER'S PERFORMING DOGS in a novel performance. Miss JENNIE MORGAN, GOSS and FOX, Miss KITTIE O'NEILL, JOHNNY QUEEN, WM. WEST, Miss EMMA HOFFMAN
Our Capital Prize, JOHNNY WILD. BILLY GRAY and JOHN SHAY, together with our excellent stock company.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
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BROADWAY THEATRE.
EDGAR & FULTON.....Corner Thirtieth street
Lessees and Managers
FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY—THE LINGARDS (Alice, Dickie, and William Horace Lingard) in a new adaptation, by D. Dalziel, Esq., of the great Parisian sensation, in five acts, entitled
LES FOURCHAMBAULT, which will be presented, after elaborate preparation, with this cast:
Mme. Fourchambault.....Miss L. Le Clair
Blanche Fourchambault.....Miss Dickie Lingard
Marie Le Tellier.....Miss Alice Lingard
Mme. Bernard.....Mrs. A. G. Carhart
M. Fourchambault.....Mr. William H. Lingard
Leopold Fourchambault.....Mr. O. H. Barr
M. Bernard.....Mr. Joseph Wheelock
Baron Soulois.....Mr. W. H. Crompton
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Popular prices: $1, 75c., 50c., 35c., 25c.
Jan. 27, Mr. George Edgar as KING LEAR. 43-1t

PARK THEATRE. ROBINSON CRUSOE
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK.
LAST WEEK. LAST WEEK,
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most positively, of the successful engagement of the COLVILLE OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY, COLVILLE OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY, COLVILLE OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY, who will appear every evening this week, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES.
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MONDAY, JAN 20,
JOHN E. OWENS as CALEB PLUMMER in JOHN E. OWENS as CALEB PLUMMER in JOHN E. OWENS as CALEB PLUMMER in DOT, or THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. 43-1t

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FOURTEENTH STREET, COR. SIXTH AVENUE.
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"MUSIC OF THE SEA-SHELL."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ANNIE HINDLE.

Take up these little sea-shells, dear,
And press them closely to your ear;
Their vague and desolate monotone
Saddens you with its ceaseless moan,
As if the ocean, imprisoned there,
Moved with a vast but dumb despair.

Deep in those cells of subtle sound
Some boundless spirit seems prison bound,
Murmuring of shores where wrecks are strewn,
And ghosts of lost-ones wail alone;
Yet ever all, from all apart,
You hear the beatings of your heart.

Take now these poems, vague with woe,
Found with the sea-shells long ago;
Within you hear the sounds that swell
From restless seas, and haunt the shell;
But listen, and your heart shall let
New music silence old regret.

DRIFTING TO DOOM;
OR
A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WM. EYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Branded and Mad," "Wild Hal's Brigade," "Jamie," "The Free Trapper's Pass," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXI.
DOCTOR WILLIAMS REAPPEARS.

When Michael the Irishman, burned, smoke-begrimed and utterly exhausted, fell senseless, upon the relaxing of the strain, there were willing hands stretched forth to ease him of the burden which now lay limp and apparently lifeless by his side.

Tenderly was this late burden raised, for a glance showed that it was a woman's form that had been so gallantly rescued from the flames. In the interest aroused, Scott Boyd escaped attention, since every eye was at once centered upon the two who had just made good their escape from the jaws of death. The men carried the woman out from under the over-shadowing walls, away from the heat of the conflagration, whilst several others did the same service for Michael.

Of the two, the man was the least burned; why, was not so clear to the bystanders, who did not know that the woman had had her clothing on fire before meeting with her rescuer, and that it was this which had done her the most serious part of the injury that she had received. A momentary investigation showed that, unless he was in danger from some inward harm caused by inhaling flame, Michael was not in any serious peril. A dash or two of cold water from a convenient well were, in fact, sufficient to bring him to consciousness, and in a few moments he was sitting up, staring blankly around him, apparently not more than half certain whether he was alive or dead. With the woman it was different. The intense agony of the moment was over, and she ceased to give vent to any loud outcry. The twitching of the muscles of her limbs and the feeble motion of the blackened lips gave token that she suffered; but, for a time at least, her feelings were deadened, and from that circumstance the bystanders augured ill for her chances of recovery.

"Where is the Doctor, Mike?" "How did it happen?" "Are they all out?" "Who is the lady?"

Such questions as these were showered by the dozen upon the Irishman on the very first indication that that unfortunate hero was returning to consciousness. For a few moments he seemed unable to answer them. When ability to do so came back he did not wait to do so. Staggering up to where the other form lay upon the grass, and, pointing to it with his right hand, he exclaimed:

"Where is yer sinse, me boys? Can't yez carry her down the road to the Widow O'Shane's? She'll be afther doyin' wid the pain soon, an' there's nothin' left here to ease it with. Dandy will have some flour in his shanty, an' the women will take care ov her till the docther er another one comes."

"Mike is right—she must have a woman about her; an' whilst we carry her down one can get a horse an' gallop after Doctor Coot. Send a boy that can ride."

One of the men then seconding Michael's address, the proposition was immediately carried into effect, and a mournful little procession moved away, leaving Michael standing for a moment by himself. Whilst he was watching the roaring fire, which had by this time seized upon every portion of the building, and was absorbed in contemplation or speculation, he was surprised to hear a voice addressing him in tones strange and yet familiar:

"Well, Michael, I suppose I may trust you; cut these cords off my wrists, and then tell me what all this means."

Michael started; then looked steadily at the man who so suddenly appeared at his side. It was Scott Boyd, with his hands still behind his back. He was partially recognized on the instant. Face and voice were both familiar, since the man had several times seen the detective, when in the city, in conversation with his master. What he was doing here he did not know, but immediately guessed it was on some matter connected with Dr. Williams. At the same time he had his suspicions.

"What was ye iver doin' wid yer hands tied behindt yer back? It's likely I'd better be lavin' thim there, since the master is missin', an' the very Divel is to pay himself."

"No use trying to fool you, my boy, and it's the truth, honor bright, that I've been treated like a baby. I came to see Williams on business. He put me to bed, and some of your disreputable Maguires carted me out and left me in this fix. Cut me loose quick, I say, and tell me what is the matter, where is the Doctor, also if there is anybody killed, and how it happened."

The other did not move with the requested alacrity. He looked the detective in the face with a penetrating stare, and spoke reflectively:

"Fa'th an' that's a strange story yez be afther a-tellin' me. Sure, an' if the Maguires hes hed ther fingers on yez, it's Michael Murphy that had betner be takin' care how he lets yez go. Yet it may be so, an' I'll be afther doin' as yer ask, an' thin we kin be looking fur the mon who kin spake fur yez."

In a moment more Boyd's hands were loosened from the cords, and he swung them, at once, backwards and forwards, to restore the circulation that had been so long impeded. As he swung he spoke, reiterating his still unanswered questions.

"Can't yez see what moight be the mather? It's a foire. It caught at the bottom, the old house was dhry ez a match, and the foire went up to the top in a twinklin'. Peg an' her ould mon got out, an' it's only the Doctor hisself that's a-missin'; an' maybe he will turn up. If yer a friend o' his, don't say nothin' about him to scare the people, but just look 'round loike. It's aisy it would be fur him to be on t'other side, or somewhere."

"Well, then, it is time we were looking," said Boyd aloud, starting off as he did so.

"I'm thinkin' hez safe," thought Murphy to himself, "an' will be afther turnin' up when his time comes; but it's mighty quare, so it is. If the boys had this mon, where is the Docther; an' if they had the Docther, what was they doin' wid this mon? Sure, things is thunderin' mixed."

A little later Williams made his appearance, though the number to whom he was visible was as limited as he could possibly make it. He looked excited, terrified, horrified, perplexed. Though he retained much of his caution, his coolness was all gone, and he moved backwards and forwards at a short distance from the burning building, and was unable, or unwilling, to converse with the few about, who would have spoken with him could they have gained his ear. When he came suddenly upon Scott Boyd, who was quietly searching for him, he gave a guilty start, which was followed by a flushing of his face; and, though he took Boyd's offered hand, his response to the detective's mingled congratulations and condolences was as brief as he well knew how to make it.

"Ask no questions, and say nothing for the present; but help me to clear up the mystery of this trouble. Where is Michael? Have you seen him since the conflagration?"

"You are a mysterious cuss here. I saw him a short time ago, and he was saying about the same thing. I shall ask no questions now; but to-morrow, I think, it will be best to have a little explanatory talk, and then I shall get out of this. I've had danger and adventure enough to satisfy me for one while—unless you are willing to pay an extra-high premium."

"Where can I find him? I must see him at once."

"Somewhere about. As for me, I am going to look for accommodations and take some rest. He was more or less burned; but he is a brave fellow, and seemed to care but little for his own hurts. Who was the woman that he saved?"

"Ah!"

Williams gave a great sigh of relief. He did not notice the shape of the question at all.

"Faithful fellow, he shall have the best of ointment for his wounds. Was she much injured, what have they done with her, and have you any idea who it was?"

"For the first I could not say; as I looked rather suspicious. I did not feel like making myself appear officious. She was carried to the house of one Dandy O'Shane, if I am not mistaken. As to who it was, I know no more than how the fire originated, which, I take it, is something of a mystery."

"Thanks, thanks," said the other hurriedly. "I have much to do, and am bewildered. Look for Michael, pray, and tell him to come to me at O'Shane's; then you can do no more good here, and I will not be able to speak to you before morning, though I will have much to say."

Williams turned away as he spoke, and hurriedly departed.

A few moments later Boyd caught sight of Mike, and delivered the message of his master. He received it with evident delight, and, without waiting for further explanation, set off in pursuit, leaving Boyd, who seemed to be for once in his life an unimportant figure, standing busied with his own reflections.

CHAPTER XXII.
AT THE BEDSIDE OF HIS VICTIM.

Caleb Williams, who as a man was bold enough, but as a villain was inclined to be timorous about facing the consequences of his deeds, found himself in an unwholesome, unpleasant a predicament as he could have well imagined. That Annie Alden had been brought to light he did not doubt; and now, whether she lived or died, he felt that the explanation of her presence at Summit Lodge was destined to be a matter of some trouble, if not of danger.

Years ago he had carefully counted the cost as well as the profit to be made by joining her name with his, and as, in addition, he felt when with her that singular agitation under his collar and upper vest-pocket which for the most part passes for love, he doubted not the desirability of the union. Again, when she flashed upon him with all the suddenness of a spectre, he grasped at once a couple of facts that simultaneously entered his mind. Not only were the reasons now just as strong as they ever were that she should be Mrs. Williams, but as his newly discovered wife he saw on the one side a possible breaking-up of his bargains, and on the other a chance to force terms upon those purchasers who had of late seemed inclined to treat him rather cavalierly. He wanted time; and believing that he had the countenance and probably support of the law, he chose the way in which he should take the time needed. But now he had very much more on his hands than he bargained for, and no time to spare, either. Clearly he must take Scott Boyd somewhat into his confidence and enlist his rare, far-seeing intellect in his behalf. Meantime he must visit O'Shane's cottage and see if his wife was to be found there, and what were her intentions and conditions.

With some such thoughts as these in his mind, he strode away and down the hill until he reached the residence of O'Shane. The door was open, and he found the inmates of the first room in a wildly excited condition, there being a number of men and women gathered there, of whom Mrs. O'Shane seemed to be the only one possessed of a particle of coolness. She had just come from the inner room in a suppressed wrath. She talked in a hasty, hissing whisper, and her eyes sparkled.

"Arrah, now, every one of yez begone. Sure one would think it was a wake, an' yez had raised the keen fur a corpse. Whist, then; an' if ye can't go widout it, sure an' I'll take me broom to yez. She, poor lamb, wants quiet, an' yez a-howlin' worse than forty beagles!"

The good-woman caught one of the loudest speakers, a young man who had been one of the bearers in the ghastly procession, and gave him a sudden, powerful shake by way of emphasis; then, dropping him, she extended her arms as though she would drive them all out before her like so many chickens. It was just at this moment that the door opened and she saw the pale, excited face of Dr. Williams, who, having knocked softly but in vain, had decided to enter without further ceremony.

"Is it there ye is?" continued Mrs. O'Shane. "Come in an' turn these omadhauns out, so the blessed child can get some pace from their clatter. We sint fur young Docther McGlavery, but he's not here yet; but I've did what I could. Ah, ye bastes, it's quiet yez kin be now, an' I advoise yez to kape so. Maybe it's the loife ov the young cratur ye'd be takin' wid yer noise."

A hush fell upon those in the room as Dr. Williams stepped through the doorway. It seemed more than likely that there would be something to learn, and perhaps a mystery to be unraveled. Through the little crowd Williams passed without a single word of recognition, although more than one countenance there was personally known to him, and, disappearing in the other room with Mrs. O'Shane, he carefully closed the door behind him.

After that there came a period of silent watching on the part of those in the outer room; once or twice one of the party was called to the door, and with a few brief directions despatched upon an errand. Once, also, there came a rap on the outer door, and Caleb Williams passed through the room and went out to hold a short conference with his man Michael. As the moments lengthened into hours, the others became tired of sitting silently listening to the low muttering and moans and the sibilant sounds that came from the inner room, and singly or by twos departed.

When Dr. Williams entered the room, he found the object of his search reclining on a rude but cleanly couch, and dressed as to her turns in a complete and almost professional manner. Mrs. O'Shane had lived long among mines and miners, and, rude and rough as she was in her ways and speech, was thoroughly educated in the ways of accidents and sudden emergencies. She had had a brother crushed by the falling-in of the roof of a break, and a husband and son burned by an explosion of fire-damp. The victim of an accident could scarcely have been brought to a better place.

The unrecognizable mass upon the bed tossed and turned, moaning with pain. At the sight a tremor ran all through Dr. Williams' nerves. Was this the fairy-like form and beautiful face that he had but a few hours ago borne along the dark corridors of Summit Lodge? He listened to the murmurings that came in a thick, husky and almost unintelligible tone through the cotton and clothes that swathed her face and neck, and he listened in silence, since he was undecided as yet how far he should take Mrs. O'Shane into his confidence, or whether there would be a necessity at all, for the present at any rate, for that explanation which he had supposed would now be necessary.

There was no doubt that her mind was wandering, and at this he was not surprised. The occurrences of the afternoon and evening would be sufficient to unhinge a stronger intellect than he supposed belonged to the woman before him. The excitement and anxiety were telling upon himself, even.

It was some small gratification to note that in the occasional ravings, weak, faint, yet audible to a careful listener, there was little or nothing to be learned of those matters which he well thought had best remain a secret. Once or twice he heard his name—Caleb—mentioned, but it was in a disconnected way that he did not himself understand.

It required no great effort on his part to assume an air of deep solicitude. He was indeed sorrowful enough, and he used this sorrow for a double purpose. It quieted Mrs. O'Shane, who otherwise might have overwhelmed him with questions, and it gave him an opportunity to express his grief in an indefinite way. After a brief but apparently close inspection and a few inquiries, he seated himself, saying:

"You have done well, Mrs. O'Shane, and for the present it will be best to leave them without disturbance. In the morning we will have the best of medical attendance, and whatever time and trouble we have asked or may ask of you will be well paid for."

"Is it money ye'd be talkin' ov, an' she lyin' almost a corpse, a-dyin' afore our eyes? Is it well she'll get, docthter, dear? That's the wan thing I'd be afther askin'."

Williams gave a dubious shake of the head.

"Perfect quiet, rest, perfect care, *may* succeed; but, alas, it is a fearfully desperate case."

Having said this, the Doctor sat silent, his elbow resting upon the edge of the bed, and his eyes fixed mournfully on the tossing sufferer.

CHAPTER XXIII.
RED RIDGE STRIKES—WHAT CHARLES TAYLOR OVERHEARD.

Charles Taylor returned quietly to his little cabin, and sought to gain a few hours' rest. Daylight would soon be on him, and with it came labor, which he had no idea of shirking. A day's absence would give to the workmen at Red Ridge the idea that he had at least become alarmed, and was qualling under the warnings of the Maguires.

But slumber, when one sets himself deliberately to woo it, is sometimes hard to be won; and so Taylor found it at this time. He threw himself upon his bed, and closed his eyes with a resolute endeavor to shut out all thoughts of the singular train of adventures which the last few days and nights had brought forth. He met with some little success—just enough to deepen the color of his failure. He forgot the letters of warning, his singular employment by Williams, and even the grim face of Michael found no place in his mind. But, then, he saw Annie. For an hour or more he had visions of her haunting eyes, her heavenly smile, her sombre frown. He heard again the rippling melody of her rich, low voice, felt the light touch of her soft, taper fingers upon his shoulder. From a dream of the past she grew into a reality of the present, and he hoped to dare to hope a hope of the future.

Hoping, then, he fell into a troubled sleep. When he awoke the sun was shining. Hastily he drenched his head and neck with cold water, took a mouthful of food, though he scarcely felt the need of it, and departed to go to work, feeling by no means easy over the prospect of being an hour too late.

As he neared the breaker of the Red Ridge he was surprised to see a crowd of the workmen gathered around its outside, excitedly talking, and with no apparent intention of descending into the mine. He recognized, or at least he felt certain that he did, men from other mines, the Black Bird especially being largely represented. Joining the throng, he asked of the first man whose attention he caught, and who proved to be a stranger, what was the trouble, and received an answer brief but comprehensive. The workmen of three or four mines had struck, and it was rumored that the strike would be general. What was the cause of the strike was not so plain, though it was understood to be on account of learning of recent changes in the ownership of large masses of coal-lands, and the fact that the new proprietors were about making extensive changes in the way in which the business of selling coal was conducted in Philadelphia.

Taylor received this news without surprise. He had seen surface indications for some time that something of the kind was brewing. Had he not been the marked man that he was, there was no doubt in his mind that he would have expected to be approached on the subject. He reasoned that the men who were secretly engineering the strike had doubted his loyalty to the laborers, and perhaps for that reason wished to drive him away, or use him as an example at the very outbreak of their strike.

Having found that work, for the present, was out of the question, he was about to take his departure, when he heard a voice addressing the crowd in a rich Irish brogue:

"Byes, yez none ov yez a moite ov falling agin the mon az owns the worruks, barrin' that he's sold us out widout looking fur the intherests ov his men. You've heerd his house was burrened last night, an' it's sorryful they'll all be afther bein' this blessed mornin'. It's cruel it wud be roisin' in arrms just now, though in course we can't do a turn till it's settled wid us—so let's take this for a holiday, an' to-morrow, maybe, they'll be riddy to say av it's pace er war."

As yet no great amount of passion had been aroused, and the proposition seemed to be pleasing to the majority of the assemblage, who hailed it with good-natured delight, and it was accepted by acclamation. The crowd began to disperse, and Taylor sought for information at once in regard to the conflagration alluded to. Having gleaned a meagre outline of the facts in the case, he at once remembered his promises to Annie. He would be silent as to what he knew of the occurrences of the night, and he would learn what he could in regard to what happened after they had left. For this purpose, as there was no chance for work, he decided to go at once in the direction of Summit Lodge, trusting to see or hear something of sufficient interest or importance to justify a report by mail to Annie. It seemed very singular to him that he had heard nothing of the fire until he reached the mine, forgetting that he had seen no one who might have told him; and he wondered how it could have originated, and what connection it had, if any, with the business he had been engaged in, or the young lady whom he had assisted to escape.

He toiled up the steep ascent that lay before him, and reached the sombre cloud of smoke which slowly drifted away from above, where were smoldering the embers of the Lodge. When he had completed perhaps three-fourths of his contemplated journey, he was made aware, by the sounds of footsteps and voices pitched in low tones, that someone was approaching, and, looking through the timber across a sharp curve in the road, he saw quite distinctly for a second Caleb Williams conversing earnestly with a stranger who was walking by his side.

Charles Taylor had no desire to meet his employer just at present, though how much cause he had to avoid him he had not seen plainly until this very moment. With light and rapid movements he left the road and took his station behind the trunk of a huge tree, with the intention of remaining hidden until the two had passed

As the two reached the apex of the turn, Williams looked backward, and then gave a keen glance ahead; if anyone was near, from that point he could readily be seen. But Taylor, behind the tree, gave no sign of his presence, and no one else was in sight; so, without any suspicion, Williams and his companion—who was Scott Boyd—strolled on, more interested in their conversation than in their walk, until they came within earshot of the unseen watcher; then they halted.

Every word came distinctly to Taylor's ears, and it is not to be wondered at that he listened attentively, especially when almost the first word that he heard uttered was his own name.

"If your idea is correct, then, this Charles Taylor was my cousin."

"That is about the way the two halves of the story fit together. That is, either he is or the other party is; it's all pretty much a matter of opinion, anyway. Do you know I always thought that you had some aim in view that you didn't care about letting me into? I never was certain of it, though, until you started me out on this last expedition; but then, when I had gathered up the little threads, I was certain of it. The question is—how is he going to prove it, in any event? How is anyone going to even suspect? That your uncle was ever married was unknown, and would have remained so had it not been for the letter found in a bottle tossed upon the shore, which the finder kindly forwarded to your father's address, and which, with the will alluded to in it, afterwards came into your possession. Then the ship and all were lost except—"

"Except Captain Alden. Strangely enough, it happened that my uncle and this Captain Alden were the bitterest of foes. That he succeeded in saving the life of a little girl I found out in making my inquiries after receiving the letter. This little girl, as I have reason to believe, is Annie Alden."

"Was Annie Alden—your wife?"

At this announcement, made calmly and apparently in perfect good faith, the listening Taylor was almost overwhelmed with surprise. He knew that his ears did not deceive him, and the shock so unexpectedly received almost unmanned him. He did not understand the tone of Boyd, but he did the meaning of the bare statement conveyed in his words.

"Not was, but is," said Williams solemnly.

"What!" exclaimed Boyd, with every mark of intense astonishment.

"Yes, is—for she still lives."

"Gracious heavens!"

"You may well be surprised. No one could have been more surprised than I was, though, upon learning the fact, which was only yesterday. I am not superstitious, but it seems to me, hardened as I am against such folly, that some supernatural agency guards and protects her, since she passes, scathed but living, through the extremest dangers."

"And what does she intend to do? Have you seen her? Does she know of your whereabouts?"

"What she will do is a question. More than likely she will die, since she is lingering at death's door."

A sudden suspicion seemed to strike the detective—he leaned forward and caught Williams' arm with one hand and pointed backward with the other.

"And *that* is your wife?"

The meaning of the man was too plain to be mistaken. Williams dropped his eyes before the flashing gleam of the other, and remained silent.

"I feel for the moment as though I could murder you. What devilish fortune we have brought to her. Was this fire, whose explanation no one can give, part of your plot? Would you have burned her alive, and was her rescue by your brave servant the lucky *contretemps* that marred your hellish plans?"

"You may well ask these questions; but believe me, as Heaven is my witness, I say no. I am in some sort responsible, yet it was no scheme of mine to rid myself of one who indeed is more of a burden than a blessing. It is well that you did not suggest such an idea a day ago," he continued moodily, "since I might have been tempted more than I could have borne."

"Then, how did it happen?"

"What need to tell you all the story? Enough that she chanced upon me, and I, cowardly, perhaps, but not knowing what else I might do, detained her at Summit Lodge. What further happened it would be better for you to guess, since I can only speculate myself."

"You married her, thinking her to be the legitimate heiress to—well?"

"To everything."

"And now Taylor lives and she lives; and you fancy that the man is the heir and the woman a waif."

"I can only guess, I tell you. I have had my suspicions since the first moment I saw his face; and now that he is gone——"

"Gone? Since when, and whither?"

"Whither Polonius went, I suppose."

"Another victim?"

"Another victim. He was in the Lodge, and I have not heard anything of him since. Michael went down to his house twice, and found nothing of him there. There is just the bare chance that he fixed it himself, and then fled."

"Let me get away from here—it begins to be oppressive. I do not want to stay another hour, if it can be helped."

"Do not look at me in that way; I have done nothing that deserves the name of crime, and I need your assistance."

"You can have it, but not here. I want to get away, and, if you have any orders for work elsewhere, give them now."

"There is the work I have already hinted at. Go to Woburn and see Beckie Turner. You said last night that she's there; and if so, she may throw some light on the story. Indeed, she can—if she will, and retains her intellect—tell all that is to be learned. For my part, I must remain here, though I should be in Philadelphia. I have telegraphed an agent there, and he may be able to carry my work for a few days."

"Well, my dunnage was light enough when I came, and it's lighter now; but somehow my heart has grown strangely heavy—something like it was a few years ago when we lay in that old inn, all broken and bandaged. This is my first trip here, and I sincerely hope it may be my last."

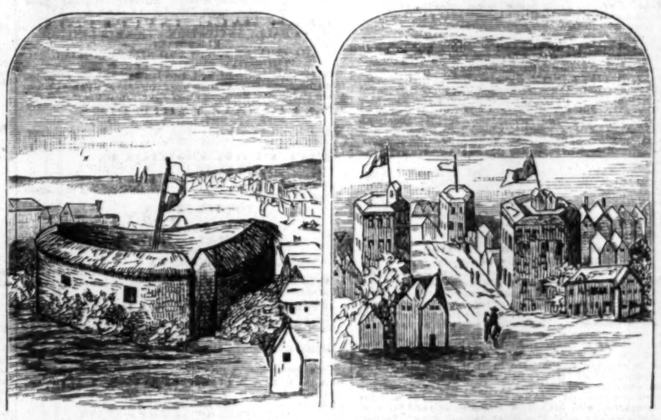
"It will prove the last for both of us, I think. Let us walk back again; I have a few more directions, and then we will separate."

The two men turned away from the spot which they had casually selected as the place to hold their conversation, and they left behind them a man thoroughly amazed and perplexed. The strange things which Taylor had heard were utterly incomprehensible at first; but they were deeply impressed on his mind, and he sat revolving them for some time after the two had left. As he sat there, a buggy containing a single occupant went by, drawn by a stout horse, which was being urged by the driver to a rate of speed that was most reckless for the condition of the roads. When this man had dashed by, Taylor, recalled to his position, arose slowly, regained the road, and descended the side of the mountain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THEATRES IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

The uppermost picture is not a view of a small town upon a Western prairie, with a couple of rival circus and menagerie exhibitions in full blast, as one might at first glance suppose; but of the Bankside Bull-and-bear-baiting Theatres in London, Eng., in 1560. Bankside occupies the Surrey bank of the Thames from the foot of London Bridge to that of Blackfriars, and was covered with a dreary assemblage of small, mean houses, crowding about lofty, prison-like warehouses, dark little offices and factories vibrating with the rattle of steam-driven machinery; yet Bankside is the birthplace of the English drama, and intimately associated with the most glorious of England's greatest poets, and was the arcadia of the olden metropolis. Here stood Shakespeare's London residence; here were the first regularly established theatres; here the actors dwelt, and wandering minstrels and musicians found refuge and encouragement; and here bull-and-bear-baiting, cock-fighting and prize-fighting were practiced. The public gardens were located here, and it was a famous place for festive tavern meetings. "Ladies of Pleasure," driven from the city, had their "stews," which were distinguished by respective signs. The most ancient of the Bankside theatres were those erected in Paris Garden, and these are shown in our engraving as they appeared in 1560. They had rude galleries, called scaffolds, for the spectators, and the charges for admission were one penny paid at the gate, another at the entrance to the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing. On May 26, 1599, Queen Elizabeth, with the French Ambassadors, went by water to the Paris Garden, where they saw a baiting of bulls and bears. The Virgin Queen was so fond of this sport that she caused an order to be issued by the Privy Council forbidding any plays from being publicly performed on Thursdays, the days devoted to bear-baiting, as "the resting of plays would greatly hurt and destruction of the game of bear-baiting and like pastimes, which are maintained for Her Majesty's pleasure." The year in which this order was issued (1591) was that in which it is said Shakespeare's "Love's Labor's Lost" and "Henry VI" were first acted in the Globe Theatre. It is said that those who flocked to the theatres in 1596 kept forty thousand boatmen employed, as the river was then London's great highway, the roads being frightfully bad, public vehicles unknown, and private coaches very scarce. The lower engraving on the left represents the first established theatre—the old Globe—in 1563. In the engraving on the right are shown the Bear-baiting, formerly the Hope Theatre, Paris Garden, the Rose Theatre and the Globe Theatre, as they existed on Bankside in 1612. The original Globe Theatre was erected in the days of Bluff King Hal as a bear-garden. The office of chief-master of the bears was anciently held under the crown, with a salary of 1s. 4d. per day—then a comparatively large sum—and the first royal bearward was appointed by Richard III. It was the duty of the bearward to provide bears and dogs, and to superintend the baiting. He was invested with unlimited authority to issue commissions and to send his officers into every county in England. They were empowered to seize and carry away any bulls, bears or dogs they thought fit. The dogs used for baiting were of the kind called ban, a species of the mastiff breed, but lighter, smaller and more vigilant, although less powerful. The nose was smaller and had somewhat of the hound's scent, the hair rough, and in color a yellowish gray marked with black. Their bite was considered very dangerous, and they usually attacked the bear upon the flank. The breed is now quite or very nearly extinct. Bear-and-bull-baiting was not the only sport at Bankside. There the prize-fighters, or masters of defense, challenged all comers at all weapons, such as long-sword, staff, sword and buckler, rapier or dagger, and there were much wounding and breaking of heads going on, to the amusement of great and royal personages.



OH, WHO WOULD HUSH THE VOICE OF SONG?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. ISADORA CLARK, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CANTATRICE,
BY H. D. TORREY.

Oh, who would hush the voice of song,
And banish from the soul
Those sweet emotions, Heaven born,
That from its fountains roll!
Who, who would stay those nameless thrills
That fire the human heart,
And bid from out its silent depths
Life's holy longings start?

It wafts on its melodious wing
A balm for ev'ry grief,
And falls on life's unstirred woes
Like dew-drops on the leaf;
Through ev'ry chord some echo comes
To banish care away,
And oh! how hopeful dark night 'twill change
To one unclouded day.

Then flood the spirits' realms with song,
Its magic pow'r extend,
Till ransomed nature owns the light
That melody can send.
Fling, fling *thy* opening lights anew to the skies,
And *thy* pure thrills prolong!
Oh, who would stifle music's breath,
Or hush the voice of song?

THE CHURCH AMONG THE CLOUDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was a city of vast importance in a commercial point of view, for her factories could be counted by the hundred, and her merchants waxed fat and hearty; and, although of not over twenty thousand inhabitants, it was a city at once picturesque and beautiful, for, being built on hills that were numerous, it was a picture the eyes of any stranger would gladly feast their eyes on.

Running along the lower end of the city was a mighty river, the water of which was as swift as it was clear; and on the nothern bank arose high hills, which in some localities would be called mountains, but, although steep in their ascent, the Highlanders who there did dwell were as happy and nimble as the goats that browsed upon the mountain-sides. Once the table-land was reached, the village came in view, where peace and plenty reigned supreme, for the honest mechanics, laborers and farmers were happy with all the world. The two former worked in the great city beyond the river, returning at night to quiet ease and retirement; and among the mechanics who toiled from sun to sun, and who climbed the hills at dark, was Willie Jackson, a machinist by profession, whose only delight or amusement was in the company of his family. Blest with a wife who was as cheerful as she was industrious, it was no wonder that Willie was a happy man, and especially so as around that family there gathered at twilight-eve, to welcome the coming of the father, a half-dozen of tiny children, such as Mackey compares to flowers in the budding and the blooming of their youth. Rosy-hued health blossomed on the cheeks of these fair young plants. Among the children was one who was blithe and fair, and who bade to become a shapely and handsome woman; she was the idol of her father and beloved by the villagers, and many a time and oft while attending school the boys would pitch a ring and fight it out on her account, for all of them claimed her as their boyish sweetheart.

In the centre of the village, and on the brow of a hill from where a fine view of the great city could be had, stood the little church, unpretending in style and size, but sufficiently large to accommodate all the villagers who there did congregate to listen to the words of wisdom that fell from the good man's lips. When service was over they would gossip about the topics of the day most interesting to them, and while talking gaze upon the steeples of the aristocratic churches in the city across the river, and, turning round, look upon their own modest building, and wonder if there was as much common-sense heard under the tall spires yonder. It is true that the village preacher was a man of common learning, who warned his hearers of the snares that lay in their paths, without advertising any particular place, without being sensational or playing the clown in the pulpit, as is the fashion with some modern preachers; yet this very plainness of manner and speech endeared our preacher to the hearts of his congregation.

Kitty Jackson, as she grew in years and beauty, was the constant companion of our preacher in his walks and talks among his parishioners, and the old man had learned to love her as his child; but time kept marching onwards, and with his march Kitty kept pace. At last she bloomed into young womanhood, and she had many suitors for her hand.

But of the number who longed to bask in the sunshine of Kitty's smiles was a young man of prepossessing appearance named Arthur Leary, a son of a merchant prince in the big city across the river, and his good looks won her admiration at first, and later her love.

It was in vain that Willie Jackson argued kindly with his daughter, telling her that no good would come of associating with the city chaps, and especially those who were above her in wealth and station. He begged of her to pick out any of the lads in the village for a sweetheart, but it was useless; for, while she was ever willing to obey her father, in this case she was obstinate—for her heart was enlisted, and she trusted in the Devil, who came in the shape of man and in the person of Arthur Leary, who tempted her, and she fell. When the sad misfortune that overcame the mechanic's daughter became known, the peace of one happy family was broken, and none grieved more than the good old preacher. He hunted high and low for his pet, as he used to call her; but it was of no use, for she had fled.

Long years passed, and Kate Jackson and the trouble she caused had been almost forgotten, except in the household of her grief-stricken family. The blow fell hardest on Willie Jackson, for a double wound kept gnawing at his heart—one was fully known to the public, and the secret of the other was known only to the possessor.

There was a great bridge across the mighty river, over which Arthur Leary continued to pass in search of other victims. One night, late in June, while returning to the city at an unseemly hour, he was met on the bridge face to face by Willie Jackson. It was the first time the two had come to bear for many a day, and Willie became crazed at the sight of the destroyer of his peace of mind, and, being in liquor, he exclaimed:

"Arthur Leary, how dare you set foot on this bridge? Are you not afraid it will sink under you? But this is no time for talk. As you murdered the young life of my precious daughter, so will I now murder you! Prepare for death, for die you must!"

Arthur did not prepare for death as some do, in prayer and supplication to Him who was born on Christmas-day, but drew out from behind his hips a huge bowie-knife, and made a plunge at Willie. The weapon glistened in the moonlight, but the scuffle was of short duration, as the wrists of Leary became entangled in the strong hands of Willie Jackson. There was a slight struggle, the knife dropped onto the bridge, and all that remained of Arthur Leary went over the rail into the maddened waters beneath. There was no tell-tale in the shape of blood left behind, and the knife of steel was broken and followed its owner.

The sudden disappearance of Arthur Leary caused many inquiries, and a search was made which proved successful, for on the second day his body was found a short distance below the city. As there were no marks of violence on his person, the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "accidental drowning."

It was nearing Christmas, and the dead-walls of the city were posted over, announcing that a celebrated comedy company were coming. The eventful opening night came; the hall was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the great City on the Hill.

Kate Jackson was among the company, under an assumed name, and she firmly believed that her identity would not be discovered, as her long absence had greatly changed her appearance; but near the close of the performance a voice, as if coming from a drunken man, shouted out:

"That's Kate Jackson."

Well did Kate remember that voice, for it was that of her father.

The poor actress finished her part, but the exertion and excitement attending it brought on a severe spell of sickness, and in her misery she begged and pleaded that nobody except her immediate friends going to the company should be allowed to enter her sick-chamber. She dreaded a meeting with her father, and her disease was more of the mind than of the body.

The next night the favorite actress was missing on the stage, and, on her being called for, a gentleman came to the footlights stating that the lady was very ill, and that another had been substituted. That gentleman was the husband of Kate Jackson.

Murder will out, and the story of Kate Jackson, in connection with the fate of Arthur Leary, was whispered around, and became the principal topic of conversation in the circles of wealth and fashion.

The week's engagement ended, and the troupe departed from the City on the Hills, seeking fresher fields for fame and wealth, and well satisfied with the name they left behind; but there were two of that company who did not go with the others—Kate Jackson and her husband.

It was Christmas-day, which calls for peace and good-will among all Christians, and a man dejected in spirit and broken in heart could be seen going from church to church, as the poetic Scripps says, his mission was to find a *Christian* minister who would preach the funeral sermon over the body of a woman. This man was on no other than the husband of Kate Jackson, and everywhere he went he met with a point-blank refusal, each good latter-day Christian making sure to base his excuse on the former history of Kate; and, as she had died an actress, without any signs of repentance or of forgiveness by the Church, they could not possibly attend. But it was Christmas, and preaching funeral sermons was not so cheerful as feasting; and in this light the husband of Kate viewed it, and charitably forgave those who wear the cloak of religion to serve the Devil in.

During their married life Kate often spoke of the church among the clouds, and of the good old man who overlooked the religious wants of the villagers; but none in that company save her husband ever knew that Kate was so near the place of her birth. After many inquiries as to how to reach the object of his search, the husband of Kate, in company with a sympathizing friend, proceeded across the river, and climbed the hill that Kate had climbed many a time and oft, and finally succeeded in finding the good old man, whose head was now snowy-white from age, and who had so materially changed in appearance that he would be scarcely recognized by Kate, were she living. The old man listened to the story of the well-dressed strangers, and with drops of crystal in his eyes he told of his love for Kate when she was a child, and stated that his church was the same now as when Kate worshipped there—modest in structure, for as yet his people did not think it needed a steeple to worship under—and that he would be only too happy to perform the last sad service over the remains of her whom he cherished in childhood.

The bells of the aristocratic churches in the great City on the Hills were ringing merrily in honor of the natal day of Him who died to save sinners, and a stranger entering its gates just then would have imagined that all the pastors were following in his footsteps; but if that stranger had noticed the hearse and one carriage outside the hotel, and known the history surrounding the grief-stricken Christian and the corpse, his opinion of those outward Christians would have been altogether changed.

While all was joy, cheerfulness and adoration in the city, a scene of another kind was about to be enacted in the village.

As the single carriage followed the hearse down the hill before crossing the river, there was a drizzly rain falling, and, looking up at the heights, where the little church without a steeple stood, a faint outline of it could only be had, for the mist that hung above the water made that modest place of worship appear as a church among the clouds.

Winding round and round the mountain, the remains of her who once roamed over those hills in innocence and glee arrived at the little church where she first learned to worship Him whose birthday was now being celebrated everywhere; and on entering the building it was found to be filled as it never was before, because whispers of what was coming had circulated quickly in the neighborhood.

There must have been some difference of opinion among those assembled which the good old man heard of, for his first words were: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." After paying a feeling tribute to the memory of her early life, which brought tears of regret to many eyes, the old man closed in an eloquent appeal to his hearers to be charitable, bury her faults with her, and remember only her virtues. After the ceremony was over, the body was laid away in a corner of the churchyard, and those who at first felt disposed to disagree with their pastor's whims in regard to the burial were seen to be the deepest mourners.

It was only a few days ago that I visited her grave, and learned the facts above given; and from the number of rose-bushes about the mound above her, and the care that seemed to be taken of it, I came to the conclusion that her memory was held in esteem by the villagers on the hill. My attention was first called to it by seeing a number of children spreading evergreens over the flowers to save them from the frost, and, asking a little girl whose grave it was, I was answered:

"Oh, sir, this is the grave of the beautiful actress, who died long ago."

HARE AND TOROTISE,
Or How the Race was Won.

A Hare and a Tortoise went out on the loose,
And the Tortoise drank deep and behaved like a goose;
He bragged of his beauty and vaunted his shell,
But unluckily boasted his running as well.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Hare; "brag is all very fine.
But at tortoises' speed, my friend, let's draw the line."
Said the Tortoise: "I'll run you for twenty-five, there!
Five miles as the crow flies." "You're on!" cried the Hare.

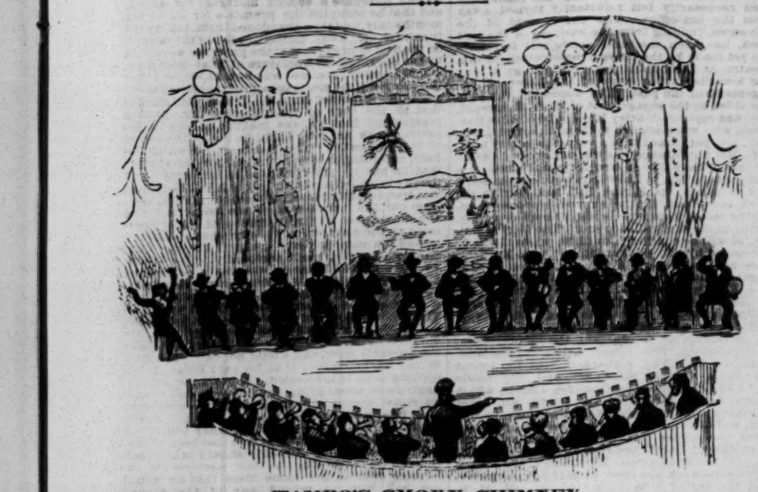
Next morning the Tortoise rose, weary, from bed,
And his betting-book scanned, with a tow'l round his head;
Then, cursing hares, brandy, and such aberrations,
Called a family council of all his relations.
They came, did the Tortoises, in by the dozens.
There were grandmothers, uncles, aunts, sisters and cousins,
But feminine, masculine, father, or mother,
You couldn't by any means tell one from t'other.

Out sp

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.



TAMBO'S SMOKY CHIMNEY.

TAMBO.—Say, Bones, when your young mokes cry for a stick ub candy, what's de best thing to do for 'em?

BONES.—If dat am a conundrum, I gubs it up.

TAMBO.—Well, when dey cry for a stick, take a *stick* to 'em, and gib 'em somefin ter cry for.

BONES.—Gub yer one myself. What am de difference 'tween a circus-actor and a hogshead ub molasses?

TAMBO.—Bekase one works in de ring and de oder in de barr'l.

BONES.—No; de difference between a circus-actor and a hogshead of molasses am dat de one am limber-legged down, and de oder am limber-headed up.

TAMBO.—Guess you must 'er carried off de fust prize at de World's Fair.

BONES.—Why so?

TAMBO.—'Cos it was to go to de stupidest fellow in de city.

BONES.—Guess you must been head ub de class.

TAMBO.—No; I was at de foot.

BONES.—Dere couldn't been mor'n one in de class, den.

TAMBO.—You haint been to de circus lately, hab you?

BONES.—No—why?

TAMBO.—Well, dey advertises a horse dat'll stop in front of de thickest-headed fellow dare, and he might choose you by de size ub your shoe leather.

BONES.—Let's take another deal. What's de best thing to cure a smoky chimney?

TAMBO.—Well, I know what I tried once, but I came near curing it too much.

'TIS A LOCK OF MOTHER'S HAIR.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THOMAS W. HINDLEY.

BY OSCAR R. BEERS.

I have many gifts and keepsakes
That sad memory lingers o'er,
Many treasures time has added
To a sorrow-burdened store;
But there's one among the number
That I keep with greatest care—
One I prize above all others—
'Tis a lock of mother's hair.

Chorus.
But there's one among the number
That I keep with greatest care—
One I prize above all others—
'Tis a lock of mother's hair.

Days and months and years have vanished
Since her form was laid away,
Still my memory often ponders
O'er that broken-hearted day

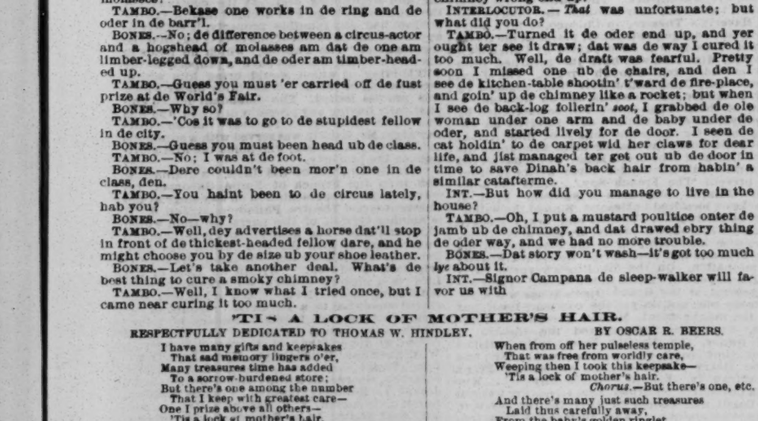
When from off her pulseless temple,
That was free from worldly care,
Weeping then I took this keepsake—
'Tis a lock of mother's hair.

Chorus.—But there's one, etc.

And there's many just such treasures
Laid dust-sacredly away,
From the baby's golden ringlet
To the silver locks of gray;
And, though sadly they remind us
Of a loss so hard to bear,
Still they are our choicest keepsakes—
Little locks of human hair.

Chorus.—But there's one among the number
That I keep with greatest care—
One I prize above all others—
'Tis a lock of mother's hair.

"AT REST."



"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER THEY SLEEP WELL."

With our usual enterprise and devotion to the interests of our readers, we call your attention to a series of tableaux representing Columbine, Harlequin, Clown and Pantaloon in the complete enjoyment of balmy sleep, at the close of their holiday performances. All are seemingly happy. The loves of Columbine and Harlequin have triumphed over the tricks, traps and mischief of the comical Clown and the equally malicious Pantaloon. There is a peace about the couch of the sleepers which bashes with all understanding, and a serenity in the poses of the dreamers which indicates oblivion to all things terrestrial. *Sos*leeps beneath the roses in a bower of bliss, while *he* reclines in Cupid's canopy, and watches o'er the other dreamer at the foot of the bed. O Love! *Sweet* Love, happy be thy dreams, and so forth.

THE MERRY MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Looking upon them in their quiet slumbers, who would imagine them to be the sinful creatures that they are? Even in this somnolent condition, the face of the Clown loses none of that cheerfulness which animates him in his waking hours. The same sweet smile is there that we have so often seen while he was slatting down upon the baby, or flattening out the police-officer by means of the great grindstone. There are the sausages which play so important a part in the pantomime, with never a missing link. In his dreams he is even now planning some wickedness by which to delude his fellow-creatures, and bathe the efforts of the lovers. Sleep on, thou mirth-provoking memento of happier days gone by. "Didst ever behold a picture more full of natural glory" than that presented to your notice in the tableau of the sleeping Pantaloon? The red-hot poker which hangs above his head by a single thread, like the sword of Damocles, has now no terrors for him. All unconscious of the danger that threatens him, he sleeps the sleep of the innocent, and dreams not of the smoke and stings of the morrow. The lives of great men all reminds us" that there comes a day when we shall look for them in vain, but not so with our friends the Pantaloons—their taking-off shall never come, for they will live in our memory forever. We ought to state that these tableaux are new, never having been offered to public notice prior to their presentation in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES.

BROWNEYED BESSIE.

DEDICATED TO MISS CARRIE LIPSIS. WORDS AND MUSIC BY FONTENEAU.

There's a pretty cottage standing
Close beside the streamlet's flow,
Where the birds so love to warble,
Where the sweetest flowers grow.
In that cottage dwelt my darling,
She who soon would be my bride;
There at evening oft I lingered,
Browneyed Bessie by my side.
Chorus.
Browneyed Bessie, angel Bessie,
Tears my wearied cheeks now lave,
And my heart is filled with sadness
As I kneel beside thy grave.

She would listen as her bright eyes
Looked as fondly into mine;
Whilst the sunbeams kissed her tresses,
Oft she whispered I was thine.
Chorus.—Browneyed Bessie, etc.

But, alas! her Father called her,
For he loved her as did I.
And as twilight shadows gathered
Angels bore her to the sky.
Now the shady dell is vacant,
And the flowers bloom no more,
While the birdies seem to whisper
Bessie has but gone before.
Chorus.—Browneyed Bessie, angel Bessie,
Tears my wearied cheeks now lave,
And my heart is filled with sadness
As I kneel beside thy grave.

Sac. City, Cal.

THE POLE-ER WAVE.

OUR SKATORIAL TROUPE.

We predicted the coming of the Polar wave long before it started on its course from the frigid Northwest, and, anticipating the great interest it would awaken in the subject of skating, we sent an agent to Poland, owing to its being a cold land, with instructions to secure the best troupe of skaters to be found in that region. His choice has fully realized our expectations, for a more artistic company of skaters has never visited this country. It was necessary to obtain permission from the Emperor of Russia before our agent was permitted to leave the fair land of Poland with his Polandric companions. We gave bonds to return them intact, always barring the trials, dangers and vicissitudes of a sea-voyage, and to pay tribute for their services in coin of the country at the time of their arrival. Through THE CLIPPER VARIETIES we now present this galaxy of beauty and talent for your consideration and entertainment. Their movements, you will observe, are the very poetry of motion. The rink, upon which you see them now disporting, was prepared expressly for them at the usual enormous expense; the very ice, whose glassy surface enables them to introduce some of their most marvelous exploits, was frozen exclusively by us and for us, and has been copyrighted for our own protection. With this brief introductory, the Polish Troupe will now go on with their skatorial revels.

A CARRYING ACT PERFORMED IN 1793.

Many professionals believe that the carrying act performed in circuses is of comparatively recent origin. A perusal of the appended copy of an advertisement cut from *The American Daily Advertiser* of May 6, 1793, published in Philadelphia, Pa., will show that it was then performed.

THIS DAY, THE SIXTH OF MAY,
will be performed a great variety of
NEW EQUESTRIAN EXERCISES,
at the Circus in Market, the corner of Twelfth street. The doors will be opened at 4, and the performances begin at 5 o'clock precisely.

SIGNOR SPINACUTA
who is just arrived from Europe, will perform his EXTRAORDINARY FEATS ON THE TIGHT ROPE at the circus this day (being his second appearance in America). He performs a COMIC DANCE on the rope with wooden shoes, with a number of other surprising feats too numerous to particularize.

The whole to conclude with
MR. RICKETTS
carrying his young pupil on his shoulders, in the attitude of Mercury, himself standing on two horses in full gallop.

CRICKET.

THE SEASON OF 1878.

Taken altogether, the cricket season of 1878 may be set down as one of the most successful since the advent of the English Gentlemen's Twelve of 1872. In 1876 the Halifax tourney lent a lustre to the season's campaign through the brilliant success achieved by the Philadelphia Eleven of that year; but the past season was marked by a special event, which will make the year memorable in the history of cricket in America, and that was the occurrence of the first match in which an American cricket team met a foreign team on even terms in a regular international match. But little was done in local cricket of special note prior to the visit of the Australian team, if we except the visit of the Detroit Club to New York for the first time, our local clubs taking things very quietly. But in October there was quite a stir in regard to cricket throughout the country, occasioned by the visit of the semi-professional Australian team. The career of the Australian Twelve from the time they left Melbourne in March, 1878, to their last game in San Francisco, in October, was a noteworthy one. As a team their playing strength unquestionably rivaled that of any eleven that has ever played as a regular team in England. In skill in bowling, batting and fielding they were the strongest party of cricketers who ever visited the United States. Especially did they excel in strategic bowling; and as to fielding, they equaled, if they did not surpass, the best of England's professional teams. The importance of their visit to this country lay in the fact that they presented to us the means of testing the relative strength of our native-born cricketers, not only with our English resident club teams, but also gave us a chance to test an American eleven against a first-class foreign eleven. The result of the trial was such as to show us that our young American cricketers have no longer any reason to claim odds in a contest with the best team England is likely to send to this country. Without further preface, however, we proceed to give the statistics of the tour of the Australians in America, which was the principal cricket event of 1878 demanding a record for special reference in THE CLIPPER.

The first table presented is that showing the total scores made in the six matches played in the six cities of the United States and Canada, both by the American teams and by the Australians. The names of the cities are given in the order of the highest total scores made in them.

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN.

	First Inning.	Second Inning.	Total Score.	Highest Single Score.	Highest Double Score.
Philadelphia	196	53	249	84	84
San Francisco	63	105	168	22	24
New York	63	98	161	25	33
Toronto	100	54	154	17	19
Detroit	34	81	115	24	24
Montreal	91	..	91	31	31
Highest score	196	105	249	84	84

Total runs scored in all the games by the home teams—938.

AUSTRALIANS.

Montreal	319		319	125	125
San Francisco	302		302	78	78
Philadelphia	180	56	236	46	46
Detroit	181	..	181	29	29
New York	70	92	162	23	32
Toronto	123	32	155	31	31
Highest scores	319	92	319	125	125

Total runs scored by the Australians in all the games—1,325.

In New York the Australians won, with five wickets to spare. In Philadelphia the match was drawn, the game not being finished at the close of the third day's play, at which time the Australians had 84 runs to get to win, with six wickets to fall. In Toronto the Australians won, with ten wickets to fall. In Montreal it was technically a draw at the end of the two days' play, though practically a victory for the Australians in one inning. In Detroit the Australians won in one inning, with 66 runs to spare; and in San Francisco the Australians won in one inning, with 134 runs to spare. Thus they won four matches out of six, and had two drawn games. In New York and Detroit they played against eighteens. In Toronto, Montreal and San Francisco against twenty-twos; but in Philadelphia it was eleven vs. eleven, and here it was that they encountered the strongest opposition. In New York the most effective bowling was done by a baseball-player, and in San Francisco the highest score made was by a baseball player. The following table shows the respective scores at the bat made by the Australian team in the six matches:

	New York.	Phila.	Toronto.	Montreal.	Detroit.	San Francisco.	Totals.
A. Bannerman	3 9	46	..	..	..	..	58
C. Bannerman	1 13	5 27*	3 18*	125	29	78	294
Horan	1 16	5 0	18	32	18	19	109
Spofforth	9 23	4 4	0	18	18	45	121
Gregory	1 29*	2 2	4	4	15	61	
Murdoch	5 0*	37 0*	12 11*	45	15	3	128
Bailey	8 ..	0 24	19	22	20	26	118
Blackham	0 24	20 0*	4 ..	2*	5	9	40
Garrett	4 ..	1 ..	11	0	0	10	40
Boyle	19 3	30 ..	31	19	23	35	159
Allan	13 ..	4* ..	4	7*	19	21*	68
Conway	.. ..	.. ..	0*	3	0	3	

* Not out.

By the above record it will be seen that Chas. Bannerman, the "crack bat" of the team, when opposed to the fine bowling and fielding of New York and Philadelphia, averaged only ten runs to an inning, while in Canada his average was nearly 50. He gave more chances for catches off the bowling, and had more lives given him, than any other batsman of the team.

The appended table gives the batting averages of the Australians in each city, and the general average of each player in all the games:

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	Av. per wicket.	General Average.
New York	765	144	112	14	1	10.	
Philadelphia	577	202	75	13	3	16. 7	
Toronto	452	119	55	9	9	13. 2	
Montreal	740	222	77	9	10	24.10	
Detroit	565	158	64	9	4	17. 5	
San Francisco	544	206	29	9	23	29. 0	

The fielding figures are as follow:

	Byes.	Leg-byes.	Total.	Catches Made.	Run Catches Out.	Catches Missed.
New York	5	3	7	6	1	2
Philadelphia	1	0	1	6	1	1
Toronto	4	0	13	5	1	4
Montreal	19	2	21	5	0	7
Detroit	9	7	16	2	1	3
S. Francisco	14	6	20	5	1	4
Totals	61	17	78	29	5	21

C. Bannerman leads in having the highest average, Boyle being second and Murdoch third.

The great feature of the Australians' play was their bowling, and the full analysis of their play in this respect is an interesting record:

AT NEW YORK.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wkts.	Runs per Wkt. av.
Spofforth	304	64	23	20	3.4
Garrett	124	49	13	7	7.0
Boyle	16	12	1	1	12.0
Allan	36	14	3	1	14.0
Horan	52	14	5	3	4.2
Five bowlers	432	153	45	32	4.27

AT PHILADELPHIA.

Spofforth	171	75	15	6	12.3
Garrett	124	49	11	5	9.4
Allan	80	27	4	6	4.3
Boyle	76	39	6	1	39.0
Horan	40	24	2	1	24.0
Murdoch	40	10	2	1	10.0
Bailey	16	5	1	0	0.5
Seven bowl's	547	229	41	20	11.9

AT TORONTO.

Garrett	168	24	26	12	2.0
Spofforth	172	50	15	17	2.16
Allan	36	13	3	0	0.13
Boyle	144	40	17	10	4.0
Four bowlers	520	127	61	39	3.10

AT MONTREAL.

Spofforth	132	39	13	8	4.7
Allan	108	24	12	9	2.6
Boyle	24	11	1	1	11.0
Garrett	12	6	0	4	1.2
Four bowlers	276	80	26	21	3.17

AT DETROIT.

Spofforth	128	39	13	11	3.6
Allan	104	12	20	10	1.2
Gregory	64	26	4	7	3.5
C. Bannerman	40	15	2	1	15.0
Garrett	52	15	6	6	2.3
Five bowlers	388	107	45	35	3.2

AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Spofforth	176	14	7	11	1.3
Allan	72	19	13	9	2.1
Boyle	96	34	15	8	3.10
Gregory	56	39	2	2	19.1
Murdoch	20	14	1	1	14.1
A. Bannerman	8	1	1	1	1.1
Horan	16	7	1	1	7.1
Seven bowl'rs	344	128	39	33	3.29

The above table shows not only the individual bowling averages in each city, but also the general average of the team. Thus Spofforth leads in the individual average—1 run per wicket and 3 over—and the best average was made in Detroit, where only 3 runs were made for each wicket taken. The bowling of the American and Candian teams is shown by the following table:

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	Av. per wicket.
New York	765	144	112	14	1	10. 3
Philadelphia	577	202	75	13	3	16. 7
Toronto	452	119	55	9	9	13. 2
Montreal	740	222	77	9	10	24.10
Detroit	565	158	64	9	4	17. 5
San Francisco	544	206	29	9	23	29. 0

The fielding figures are as follow:

	Byes.	Leg-byes.	Total.	Catches Made.	Run Catches Out.	Catches Missed.
New York	5	3	7	6	1	2
Philadelphia	1	0	1	6	1	1
Toronto	4	0	13	5	1	4
Montreal	19	2	21	5	0	7
Detroit	9	7	16	2	1	3
S. Francisco	14	6	20	5	1	4
Totals	61	17	78	29	5	21

BASEBALL IN ENGLAND.

The following is the score of the best game of baseball ever contested in England. It was played at Manchester Aug. 20, 1874, between the Boston and Athletic Club teams, which visited England that year:

ATHLETIC.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullen, c. f.	1	4	0	0	G. Wright, s. s	0	0	4	1
McGeary, r. f. &c.	0	2	0	1	Barnes, 2d b	0	4	2	1
Anson, 1st b	1	10	0	0	Spalding, p	0	0	3	0
McBride, p	2	0	1	0	McVey, c	0	6	2	2
Clapp, c	0	6	0	0	Leonard, l. f	0	1	0	1
Sensenderfer, r. f	0	1	0	0	O'Rourke, 1st b	0	10	0	2
Battin, 2d b	1	1	2	1	H. Wright, c. f	0	2	1	0
Sutton, 3d b	0	1	5	0	Hall, r. f	0	1	0	0
Murnan, l. f. & s. s	0	1	0	0	Schafer, 3d b	1	3	3	1
Gedney, l. f.	1	3	0	0					
Totals	7	27	6	2	Totals	2	27	15	9
Athletic	0	2	0	1	0	2	0	0	2—7
Boston	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—2

Runs earned—Boston, 2. First base by errors—Athletic, 5; Boston, 0. Umpire, T. G. Beals of the Boston Club. Time, 1h. and 40m.

BASEBALL—PLAYERS vs. CRICKETERS A Look Back.

The following is the record of the American baseball-players' eighteen in their contests with twelves of the English cricket clubs in 1874:

AMERICANS VS.	AMERICANS 1st. Inn.	AMERICANS Tot.	OPPONENTS 1st. Inn.	OPPONENTS 2d.	OPPONENTS Tot.	RESULT
Aug. 3, 4, 12 Marylebone Cricket Club, on grounds at Lords	107	107	105		105	Drawn.
Aug. 6, 7, 11 Prince's C. C., at Prince's	110	110	21	39	60	Won.
Aug. 8, 10, 11 Richmond C. C., at Richmond	45	45	148		148	Drawn.
Aug. 13, 14, 11 Surrey C. C., at Oval's	100	111	211	27	238	Won.
Aug. 17, 12 Sheffield, at Sheffield	130	130	43	45	88	Won.
Aug. 20, 21, 11 Manchester, at Manchester	121	160	221	42	263	Won.
Aug. 24, 25, 11 All Ireland, at Dublin	71	94	162	47	32	79	Won.
Totals		684	300	980	288	177	564	

* Unfinished inning, only six wickets down.
† Second inning unfinished, only four wickets down.

Not a match was lost, and those drawn were in favor of the baseball-players. The eighteen players included McVey, Spalding, O'Rourke, Barnes, Leonard, Geo. Wright, Geo. Hall, Harry Wright and Beals of the Boston Club; and Clapp, McBride, Anson, Murnan, Sutton, McGeary, Gedney, McMullen and Sensenderfer of the Athletics, with Battin, Fisher and Shafer and Kent as substitutes.

BASEBALL.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION. The Official Records for 1878.

The following letter from the secretary of the International Association will be read with interest, presenting as it does the views of one who is fully posted in all that appertains to the business work of the Association:

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 3, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I desire to thank you for your very fair and able editorial in your issue of Jan. 4, entitled "The International Association." The open and manly way in which you point out our mistakes, and the earnestness and wisdom of your suggestions, are but another proof of the great interest you have always shown in our national game, and in this Association, and I sincerely hope will be of much benefit. The mistake we made last season in framing our championship rules, whereby clubs were permitted to enter that had no business to do so, and the very dissatisfactory result of the championship contest caused by their disbandment, withdrawal, etc., have caused a portion of the press, especially in cities most interested in the result of that contest, to inveigh very severely against this Association, and some have said it is a failure. Now, while I acknowledge we made a great mistake in our championship rules, I deny that the Association is a failure, but on the other hand claim the greatest success for it in its principal object, the protection of its members and players. The International is a protective Association, and I hope one day to see it the only one of the country. Championship contests are side-issues, so to speak, and should be governed by mutual agreements between clubs under certain general restrictions adopted by the central organization. Thus we might properly have sectional championships, North, South, East and West, with a grand wind-up for the championship of the country; but we need but one protective association, to which all professional and semi-professional clubs should belong, and in which all should be entitled to equal rights. This was the object of the founders of this Association, and I hope yet to see it accomplished. The meeting at Utica, on Feb. 19 next, promises to be the most important yet held by the Association, and it is to be hoped its legislation will be more carefully considered than that of any previous meeting, and that we may make no serious mistakes. I am, very respectfully,

J. A. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

CLUB RECORDS—ALLEGHENY.

	BATTING.							FIELDING.				
	Games.	Runs.	1-B. H.	2-B. H.	3-B. H.	H. R.	P. C'g'd.	P. O.	A.	E.	Total Chances.	Pct. C. to Ch. Ac.
J. Knowdl, 1b, c	24	7	19	98	192	131	33	39	203	308		
H. T. Luff, l. f., p.	24	5	20	99	202	37	10	15	62	758		
W. C. Fouser, s. s	25	8	27	104	259	32	101	21	174	870		
Wm. A. Sirlet, 2d b	25	8	19	104	211	77	81	27	185	910		
J. Cliv'ns, c. f. r. 1b	16	4	9	58	155	45	3	16	64	780		
J. W. Glasse'k, 3b	25	8	20	94	212	45	60	16	121	868		
Jenks, p., s. a., r. f.	16	1	8	53	150	16	53	27	96	719		
G. Lane, c., 1b & c.	25	3	16	81	197	103	19	53	175	698		
Ed. Pond, 1st b.	6	0	4	18	222	67	4	4	75	947		
J. Hagan, r. l. c.	18	0	6	66	090	77	8	15	100	850		
J. Holdsworth, c. f.	5	0	4	21	190	9	4	3	16	817		
F. B. Lad'y, r. c. f.	13	2	10	41	122	16	10	8	34	765		
M. Welch, p., r. f.	2	0	2	7	288	0	7	0	7	1000		
J. Conway, c.	1	0	0	3	000	5	6	3	8	625		
C. F. Barnard, p.	1	0	0	4	000	0	5	5	10	500		
Chas. Jerome, p.	1	0	0	3	000	0	0	1	1	000		
Totals		48	159	842	188	675	398	233	1326	802		

BUFFALO.

W. Crowley, l. f. c.	40	26	53	179	296	131	20	37	188	803
C. A. Allen, 3b.	38	14	21	174	120	41	47	11	99	889
J. R. McSorley,										
l. f. & s. s.	11	3	5	43	116	16	13	6	29	793
D. Eggler, c. f.	40	20	32	168	195	62	5	10	77	871
S. Libby, 1b.	40	23	33	188	208	441	5	10	456	979
J. F. Gal'n, p., r. f.	40	16	32	156	205	25	199	33	257	872
J. J. Palmer, 2d b	40	21	41	158	260	114	134	22	270	919
W. McGunnigle,										
r. l., p.	33	16	28	180	215	86	29	12	97	877
C. Dolan, c., 1b.	32	11	23	118	236	154	23	43	219	869
D. W. Force, s. s.	36	16	40	150	266	45	112	11	168	933
D. J. Mack, r. f.	8	5	10	27	370	10	3	4	17	765
J. Hornung, l. f.	2	2	1	7	142	4	0	0	4	1000
Totals		181	324	1463	221	1093	598	198	1881	895

CRICKET.

L. F. Dick'r'n, l. f.	29	24	39	128	312	41	11	5	157	913
J. M. Wh'te, p. r. f.	40	11	24	118	196	20	208	51	279	881
Frank Heller, 1b	26	11	28	112	225	349	1	17	367	954
E. Stoug'n, c. f. c. r	29	18	32	127	251	70	21	36	127	717
L. Talley, r. f.	4	0	1	3	035	2	3	1	6	666
J. McClure, c. & f.	26	13	26	116	224	127	31	55	213	744
W. Smiley, s. s., 3b	29	12	28	114	245	25	101	19	145	869
J. Shoupe, 2b.	27	13	19	106	179	73	76	22	171	868
W. F. James, r. c. & 2d	31	14	29	136	272	71	15	14	100	706
— Morrison, 3b.	27	9	18	99	181	33	73	14	120	858
J. J. Piggott, 1b.	3	1	2	12	188	32	0	2	34	942
H. Arundel, l. p. c.	6	1	2	18	111	2	3	2	7	715
— Phillips, 3b.	3	1	1	3	333	1	1	3	5	400
— Whitney, l. f.	2	0	0	7	000	0	0	0	0	000
Totals		15	235	1062	221	872	543	243	1588	847

HARTFORD.

J. Holdsw'th, c. f.	43	1	12	58	207	26	8	2	31	956
J. Barrett, l. f.	5	3	15	67	224	34	2	5	41	879
J. T. Battin, 3d b	40	6	17	66	261	27	47	11	85	834
— Lynch, p. s. a.	14	6	16	59	271	11	69	19	99	811
— M'Cabe, 1d, 3d, s	17	5	10	70	142	34	41	18	93	807
E. Mills, 1st b.	6	3	5	5	24	208	78	0	6	79	924
T. Gill, s. s.	1	0	0	0	000	4	7	1	12	917
— Mealy, r. f.	2	0	0	0	000	3	3	5	11	546
— King, 2d, r. f.	10	4	6	38	158	15	9	8	32	750
— O Brien, c. r. s.	10	1	7	37	189	49	18	25	92	729
— Moore, c. f.	10	1	3	35	029	85	11	11	107	897
C. Daniels, r., c. f.	3	0	1	1	000	5	0	1	6	715
— Cone, l. f.	2	0	0	0	000	5	0	1	6	844
W. A. Cummings, p. s. r. f.	5	1	3	19	157	2	16	2	20	900
— White, c.	1	0	1	3	333	6	0	2	8	750
— Gormley, p., cf.	3	2	4	13	307	8	11	5	24	792
— Stark, s. s.	1	0	0	0	000	1	0	0	1	000
M. Ledwith, c.	3	0	2	12	166	15	5	14	34	559
Wm. Barnie, c. r.	9	2	10	33	303	31	15	17	63	731
— Birchall, 2b. s.	7	4	6	28	214	20	19	18	57	685
— Gilmore, 1b, r. f.	4	0	0	14	000	22	2	0	29	759
— Lane, 2b.	1	1	0	3	000	2	1	0	3	1000
Totals		38	116	613	189	477	273	181	931	806

UTICA.

W. Purcell, p., r. f.	40	30	59	184	309	21	120	26	167	844
H. R'h'd'n, cf. 2bc	40	30	59	185	324	85	28	14	127	890
J. H. Richn'd, s. s.	45	29	46	190	270	44	148	27	219	877
W. Lat'r, 2b. 1b	38	24	37	161	225	157	115	59	328	860
Ed. Kennedy, l. f.	40	31	44	173	254	67	7	8	84	905
J. J. M'Guin's, 1b	35	20	45	153	296	441	19	22	473	954
C. A. Smith, 3b	45	22	36	162	268	154	72	115	341	839
J. Roche, c. f., 2b	26	18	27	104	266	98	39	39	171	788
Nick Alcott, r. f. p.	40	26	24	161	149	30	64	23	116	831
R. Clack, 2b., r. f.	9	1	1	36	083	23	28	5	56	893
A. J. Bushong, c.	17	8	18	66	277	96	77	22	745	849
Totals		251	386	1561	247	1116	698	346	2060	861

STAR.

P. H't'ling, cf, rt. c	39	26	50	183	273	128	12	39	179	782
M. C. Dorgan, c., c. f., s. s.	31	19	46	141	319	176	45	32	253	874
J. Farrell, 2b.	38	33	46	179	270	12	99	30	241	876
W. W. Carpenter, Berkenstock of the Athletics, and afterwards by Gould of the Cincinnatis. In those days going off the base to capture a widely-thrown ball was the exception—of late years Joe Start has made it the rule. His play is the right one. The first-baseman, if he plays his position up to the right mark, should never allow a ball thrown to him anywhere—except out of reach overhead—to pass him. If he cannot hold it, he should stop it. This is what Joe does. Of course, this style of play requires pretty active movements in getting back to the base; but it saves many a badly-thrown ball from giving two or three bases. More of this anon.	39	27	47	157	300	78

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Managers, Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 13.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eva
Allen, Georgie
Adeline, Mlle. (juggler)
Adams, Nettie or Nellie
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Browne, Josie
Crocker
Beaumont, Nellie
Bernetta, Mlle.
Bennett, Julia
Bretto, Emma
Carrol, Maude
Cummings, Minnie
Chapman, Ella (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Claire, Maggie
Claxton, Kate
Cerito, Mlle.
Christie, Frankie (drummer)
Campion, Stacie
Corelli, Blanche
Clifton, Belle (3)
Chamberlain, Lillian
Christy, Maggie (2)
Crabtree, Lotta
Davern, Fannie
Darrell, Mrs. Barrie
Dixon, Blanche
Dean-Magie, Julia
Delange, Minnie
Davenport, Mrs M. (ofOriterion Co.)
Dugeon, Helene
De Stellini, Madam
Emmit, Mrs.
Etzelt ze Sisters
Ettis, Millie
Emerson, Mrs. Jas.
Ellis, Lillie (late of Fox's, Philad.)
Eytinge, Rose (2)
Fisher, Kate
Forrest, Lillian
French Twin Sisters
Foy, Bertha
Forcade, Florence
Glenn, Carrie (of Glenn Sisters)
Griffith, Mrs. Wm. N.
Haslam, Hulda
Hamilton, May
Howard, Lillie (vocalist)
Howorth, Mrs. M.
Heywood, Nellie
Holbrook, Alice
Hawthorne, Hattie
Harris, Rosa
Jordan, Alecia
Johnson, Addie
Janauscheck's Manager, Madam
Lyndon, Ethel (2)
Lindsey, Jennie
Leder, Minnie
Larmont, Mrs. E.
Larkin, Lulu
Leigh, Miss G. (care M. Leavitt)
Lynwood, Ada (3)
Lland's Co. Manager Emma
Muller, Mrs. Minnie
Melville, Mrs. Louise
McHenry, Nellie
12c.
Marshall, Virginia
Miller, Mary
Murio Louise (vocalist) (2)
Montague, Louise (vocalist)
Marney, Rose
MacIntyre, Mrs. Lizzie
Merhan, Sadie
McDermott Sisters
Norton, Belle (late Detroit)
Nelson, Maude
Oscar, Madam
Orrin, Mrs. L. T.
O'Neil, Bonnie
Pearl, Mabie
Putnam, Kate
Pendy, Mrs. John Sc.
Pearce, Marie (2)
Phillips, Ida (late of Boston)
Palmer, Minnie
Parker, Kittie & Maggie
Parker, Jennie
Robeson, Erba
Richmond, Hattie
Reynolds, Vic
Richmond, Lizzie
Richings-Bernard, Caroline
Rose, Mrs. Jennie
Rainford, Alice
Sanford, Lou (vocalist)
Sanford, Nellie M.
Schoolcraft, Mrs.
Luke
Sanderson, Mrs. L.
Seymour, Mattie
Shepherd, Kittie (vocalist)
Sherrer, Mrs. Geo.
Thornton, Adelaide
Tremaine, Julia C.
Ten Broke, May
Thornton, Dollie
Thorne, Nellie
Vivienne, Ida
Willis, Jessie (vocalist)
Williams, Gussie (male impersonator)
Wilson, Mrs. Mike
Widner, Mrs. Kate M.
Western, Lillie (vocalist)
Peters, Jas. F.
Parker, Prof. Harry
Plunkett, J. C.
Quigley, John
Queen, J. (of Roon ey's Co.)
Quigley, Joe
Rogers, C. H.
Remson, J. J.
Redpath, J. (Agt. Col. R. Ingersoll)
Rubini, P. Sc.
Roser, W. B.
Rambolt, Joe
Renon, Mons.
Rapier, John
Robson, Stuart
Ricker, Robt.
Rea, Ned (of Holbrook & Ryan)
Rice, Col. Dan
Reynolds, (of Wallack Co.)
Rankin, McKee
Ronaldo, Wm.
Roberts, F. B.
Robe ts Wm.
Rogers, Tim
Rigby, Victor
Rocker, Robt.
Robinson, Harry
Robinson, Jas.
Rapier, J. (Harveyle Maid) 30c.
Shepard, Burt.
Sperra, H. C. 6c.
Sprague, D. J.
Scovil, (of McWade Comb.)
Seaman, C. O.
Smith, Chas. S.
Sutton, Geo. (of Campbell's Clr.)
Satsuma, L. E.
Schwartz, Antoine (clarionist) 3c.
Kinslow, Jos (musician)
Kent, Julie (2)
Kennebel, Frank (2
Keiser, Mr (of Haverly's Minst.
Kane, W. H.
Kennedy Bros.
Keating & Sands
Kelly, Dan
Kersands, Billy
Kent, Frank
Kidder, Ed. (agent
Kruger, Jaques
Lorella, J. C.
Lyle, W. E.
Lang, Frank
Langley, E. D.
Liston, Hudson
Lorellas, The
Lamont, Harry
Livingstone, B. F
Lorella, T. A.
Leslie, Jas.
Levan Bros.
Lawrence, Nick
Lavelle, J. (of Barrett's Co.)
Levitt, H. (of Jen Hughes' Co.) (3
Lampkin, Wm.
Lennox, Walker
Lilly, C. A.
Lorella, Mr. H.
LeClair, Ched
Lain, J. H.
Mack, C. (Webb Wealthier, Billie
Mentzer, E. A. (2)
Murphy's Manager
Meauley & Howe 6c.
Mayo, W. (of Mayo & Pad)
McClellan, Prof. Wm. C. (2)
Matthews, C. C.
Melville, W. T. (2
McWade, R.
Magee, Clem
Murphy, J. E. (of Murpoy & Mack)
Manning, John (vocalist)
Mortimer, G. A.
Mette Bros.
Marlin, John (properties)
Mack, Wm.
Moncrief, Master
McCullough, John
Mack, J. H.
Morse, T.
Munhall, Daniel
Mendel's, The Dutch
Macauley, J. W.
Montague & Morton
Mitchell, Wm (fireking)
Manzon, Wm. (magician)
Monroe, W. O.
Meeker, Ed. (musician
McDonald, Jas. (p. o. m East Indies,
Murphy, Paddy
Manager Olympic Thea., Syracuse
Mellgren, Jas.
Mackey, Dave
Moreland, A. C.
Murphy & Morton
Mahaffy, Jo. W.
Wagner's Minst.
Melville, Chas. (agent)
Miller, A. D.
Norman S. P.
Nunn, Fred 6c.
Nichols, R. Hamilton
Niles, J. (of T. Pastor's Co.)
Nobles, Milton (2)
Nunn, J. F. 6c.
O'Leary, Daniel
Fulver, (Great Puck, Komedeker
Primrose, G. H.
Pettit & White (2)
Paul, W. H.
Parker, Louis
Perkins, Walker
Parker, Prof. Harry
Plunkett, J. C.
Quigley, John
Queen, J. (of Roon ey's Co.)
Quigley, Joe
Rogers, C. H.
Remson, J. J.
Redpath, J. (Agt. Col. R. Ingersoll)
Rubini, P. Sc.
Roser, W. B.
Rambolt, Joe
Renon, Mons.
Rapier, John
Robson, Stuart
Ricker, Robt.
Rea, Ned (of Holbrook & Ryan)
Rice, Col. Dan
Reynolds, (of Wallack Co.)
Rankin, McKee
Ronaldo, Wm.
Roberts, F. B.
Robe ts Wm.
Rogers, Tim
Rigby, Victor
Rocker, Robt.
Robinson, Harry
Robinson, Jas.
Rapier, J. (Harveyle Maid) 30c.
Shepard, Burt.
Sperra, H. C. 6c.
Sprague, D. J.
Scovil, (of McWade Comb.)
Seaman, C. O.
Smith, Chas. S.
Sutton, Geo. (of Campbell's Clr.)
Satsuma, L. E.
Schwartz, Antoine (clarionist) 3c.
Kinslow, Jos (musician)
Kent, Julie (2)
Kennebel, Frank (2
Keiser, Mr (of Haverly's Minst.
Kane, W. H.
Kennedy Bros.
Keating & Sands
Kelly, Dan
Kersands, Billy
Kent, Frank
Kidder, Ed. (agent
Kruger, Jaques
Lorella, J. C.
Lyle, W. E.
Lang, Frank
Langley, E. D.
Liston, Hudson
Lorellas, The
Lamont, Harry
Livingstone, B. F
Lorella, T. A.
Leslie, Jas.
Levan Bros.
Lawrence, Nick
Lavelle, J. (of L. Barrett's Co.)
Levitt, H. (of Jen Hughes' Co.) (3
Lampkin, Wm.
Lennox, Walker
Lilly, C. A.
Lorella, Mr. H.
LeClair, Ched
Lain, J. H.
Mack, C. (Webb Wealthier, Billie
Mentzer, E. A. (2)
Murphy's Manager
Meauley & Howe 6c.
Mayo, W. (of Mayo & Pad)
McClellan, Prof. Wm. C. (2)
Matthews, C. C.
Melville, W. T. (2
McWade, R.
Magee, Clem
Murphy, J. E. (of Murpoy & Mack)
Manning, John (vocalist)
Mortimer, G. A.
Mette Bros.
Marlin, John (properties)
Mack, Wm.
Moncrief, Master
McCullough, John
Mack, J. H.
Morse, T.
Munhall, Daniel
Mendel's, The Dutch
Macauley, J. W.
Montague & Morton
Mitchell, Wm (fireking)
Manzon, Wm. (magician)
Monroe, W. O.
Meeker, Ed. (musician
McDonald, Jas. (p. o. m East Indies,
Murphy, Paddy
Manager Olympic Thea., Syracuse
Mellgren, Jas.
Mackey, Dave
Moreland, A. C.
Murphy & Morton
Mahaffy, Jo. W.
Wagner's Minst.
Melville, Chas. (agent)
Miller, A. D.

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Austin, M. (gymnast)
Armer, John (2)
Aarons, Harry
Ainsworth, Frank K.
Adams, Tommy
Abbott, J. W.
Alfredo, Louis & Emma (2)
Arnold, C. (of Emma Abbott Co.)
Aversetta, Lew
Antony, Jari (artist)
Allen, Dan (sideshow "biz")
Adams, Grimaldi
Arstingstall, Geo
Awbrey, Robt.
Avery, Frank
Atkins, Chas.
Byrne, J. (of Smith & Byrne)
Blanchard, Henry
Baker & Doyle
Batchelier & Doris
Bowron, W. L.
Booker, Johnny
Bray, W. H.
Brockway, W. H.
Baird, J. (of N. O. Minst.
Banks, W. J.
Bady, Sam
Bowles, Frank
Breen, Billy (circus "biz")
Blitz, Francois R.
Burton, Clarance
Bennett, Harry (3)
Burgess, Nell
Benton, Chas
Bunn, Gus
Barrett, Lawrence (3)
Blossom, Nat
Bennett & Weaver
Booth, Edwin J.
Beach, A. (of Beach & Gould)
Bennett, Frank
Baldwin, Ed.
Bulsco, C. N.
Bink, Ed.
Browne, E. (of Pomeroy's co.)
Brown, J. (of Rooney's Co.)
Burke, H. (of Goucher & Burke)
Beasley, S. (of Wood & Beasley)
Bush, I. T. 8c.
Boyd, Chas. (song and dance)
Brent, W. H.
Byron, O. D.
Bryant & Hoey
Brazzer, Geo. R.
Bing, C. (2)
Crumley & DeForrest
Carson, Jr., Kit
Crowley, Daniel
Cutler, R. J.
Cellini, Tito
Cotton, Ben
Cooper & Bailey (2)
Cone, H. W.
Chirkti, Martini
Collins, Howard
Clark, H. G. (of 5th Ave. Co.)
Coburn, Frank
Carling, J. W. 9c.
Costello, G. B
Carroll & Drew
Cramer, Joe
Chatterton, W. S.
Collins, W. H.
Clarke, J. (of L. banjo-maker)
Coup, Geo.
Cunningham, A. H.
Cohen, Gus (Evangeline Co.)
Cooper, Tommy
Dorris, Mr. (of O'Brien's Circus)
Duncan, Chas. H.
Dodge, Sen (2)
Davis, C. L.
Dobson, J. S.
Dale, Dan (of Sharpe's Circus)
Dayton, The (2)
Dunbar, G. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Delhaven, Claude
Davis, C.
Deagle, J. (of Polly Thea., Syracuse
Desauer, S. (of Hooley's Co.)
Dingess, J. A.
DeForrest & Fox
Dumont, Frank
Doty, A.
Davis, J. Chas.
Dodson, F. B.
Emmerson, Jas. & Dollie
Emerson, Jas. (2)
Ellis, S. R. (2)
Evarts, H. (of Engle Brook Co.)
Esberts, T. F.
Elviro, Tom
Ferguson, W. J.
Flinn & Dixon
Fields & Hanson
Farren, G. W. (2)
Frankum, C. W.
Favor & Shields
Flomerfelt, Jas.
Fielding, C. H.
Francis & Wilcox
Forepaugh, Adam
Frost, Hyatt
Fox, Wm. (song and dance)
Foote, Wm (of Haverly's Minst.
Freise, A.
Fuller, Jas. (of The Belmonts)
Fleming, H. B
Foley & Sheffer
Fernandez & Duran
Filson, A. W.
Fox, Eddie (of B. W. F. & W. Minst.)
Flynn, John (of (Keating & Flynn
Fletcher, Walter
Greene, Jas.
Gonzalez, Theo.

THERE IS A LETTER in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Post-office for Dollie Dimple.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 13, '79.

Theatricals, like the weather, fluctuated considerably during the past week, and operations cannot be said to have been financially successful. The depression here and hereabouts may be attributed in part to the skating, in which exhilarating outdoor recreation thousands of ladies and gentlemen daily participated until the snow and rain put an embargo on the sport. Balls and parties are likewise in high favor just now, and these indoor festivities also tend to the injury of theatricals. From nearly all parts of the country we learn that a continuation of storms and snow-blockades has cut down managerial margins to a pretty low figure, while several traveling combinations have been obliged to succumb to the force of circumstances and the elements' strife, alas, folding their tents and things around them, quietly move away as best they could. Some got safely home; others fell by the wayside, and patiently awaited the next train in the hope that a Christian conductor would commiserate their inclement situation and permit them to pass over. Managers are compelled to take the fair and the lean as they are to them, and bear with becoming submission all the ills that managerial flesh is heir to. In this city things are considerably mixed. The Fifth-avenue Theatre, which, at our previous advices, had been placed in the hands of a receiver, opened its doors on Monday evening last, but gave no performance, owing to a difference of opinion between the people employed there and those entrusted with the liquidation of the indebtedness of the establishment; and so the season terminated abruptly, with liabilities in excess of the assets. There was disappointment, too, at Wallack's, the new play produced there failing to bring about a succession of the crowded houses that had been looked for; and thus it came to pass that the piece was withdrawn for the present, in order to permit the presentation of the old play of "Ours," which must have been a complete stock to the hopes and aspirations of Paul Merritt, author of "At Last," which seems to possess but little merit aside from the playright's name. Very appropriately, the revivified old play is imbued with a violent snowstorm, furious winds, and a brass band which blows just as furiously, and other seasonable effects. And soon Paul Meritt will learn that "*Ours*" is more effective than his.

We had a great fright one day last week, when it was published in the papers that Anna Dickinson had broken her right leg by falling on the ice in Philadelphia. Happily, it wasn't our Anna, and we breathed freer when we learned the truth through a female detective who interviewed the injured Anna, and who was accompanied by one of our own designers on the spot, specially engaged to take views of the injured limb and the exact spot where she originally fell.

It wasn't our Anna Dickinson who fell upon the ice—She's living in this city, and is doing very well; When we told her of the broken leg she felt quite bad About it,
And wondered how the other Ana would get along without it.

.....It may be proper for us to remind our readers that the luscious Lizzie Webster, now playing with Rice's "Evangeline" Troupe in this city, is not the daughter of the late Daniel Webster, "Defender of the Constitution," etc., although she's far better looking, and talks as much with her eyes as the lamented one did with his tongue.

.....The gentleman who, through the mail, sent us an educated porcupine as a New-Year's gift merits our sincere thanks; but, next time he sends anything of that kind, will he oblige by removing the fretful quills? Snakes sent in the same way would be more enjoyable if their fangs were extracted before mailing. Will our friends please bear this in mind?.....Millie-Christine is two of a kind, but only one pair, to speak by the card. "It" is always secure from imposition and aggravated assaults, for, being four-armed, "it" is sure to be forewarned. [We tried to get this copyrighted so as to have our interests protected abroad as well as at home; but, in the absence of an International copyright law, our well-meant intentions were frustrated. Is this our boasted freedom? we should like to know.—ED.].....

It was a very mean piece of business for the man to have the third-row ballet-girl arrested merely because she resented his insults by shutting his eye with red pepper. Third-rowers on the stage are not to be insulted with impunity by first-rowers in the orchestra.....We find the best critics in the upper-circles—of a theatre. One night last week we took in Niblo's, where Francis Mayo, Esq., is idyl-ing his time with "Davy Crockett." We went aloft, you will understand, not to save expense, as it were, but to be among the boys, who always work together in harmony, take in all the good points as one man, and give proper encouragement to virtue in its triumph over vice. In one of the most tender passages, where Mr. Mayo rises above the wily tricks of the stage and saves the young lady who performs the other leading part, and when the house was so quiet that you could easily have heard the Navy-yard gun shoot, Butch Griggina, alongside of whom we chanced to be sitting, suddenly gave utterance to the following exclamation: "*He* ain't no slouch!" It was as if a powder magazine had exploded—the boys gave vent to their pent-up feelings in one united "That's so, Griggsy!" and as if with one accord three cheers were given to the actor. The language of Butch may be a bit crude, but it is more sincere than much that is said by high-toned and educated critics.....Talking about educated things, we regret to announce that Butch Graham—the generally gentlemanly giant—has been bereft of an educated goat—of the William stripe, we believe—which *he* appraised at three thousand dollars. Other domestic troubles hedge him (Ruth) around and about, and his being a giant doesn't seem to be of any more use to him than if he were an ordinary-sized man. It is barely possible that the missing goat has been tampered with by some disciple of an Addlefellow's lodge about being organized.....Because Edwin Booth didn't do quite so well as usual in his recent engagement at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, some people imagine that the legitimate is going down, etc.; yet on the evening of Jan. 6, when the Count Joannes opened an engagement in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Richard III," the Olympic was crowded in every part, and such enthusiasm as the audience manifested on that occasion was something never to be forgotten—no, never while memory holds her seat. It was, probably, a proud moment for the tragedian, with the plaudits of his audience ringing in his ears, and a box full of ducats ringing in the front of the house, where the tragedian's treasurer held his seances. The revival continued throughout the week.....Another star who gathers them in equally large numbers is Lotta, now on a tour. *Her* line is different from that of the Count, but the plaudits her acting evokes are as genuine and well deserved as are those bestowed upon Buffalo William in his wildest freaks. Let us make poetry

ABOUT HER.

Lotta is "on the wing,"
And charming people daily.
What wonder, when the little "star"
Plays "*La Cigale*" so gayly?

.....Although Madame Anderson, the great walk-a-quarter-of-a-mile-in-every-quarter-of-a-an-hour-ist, has Mr. Webb for a manager, it must not be imagined that the indomitable little pedestrian is Webb-footed. Ah, no! *her* sole—[A small boy with matches has robbed us of one of the most beautiful thoughts it has ever been our fortune to think. Wouldn't it be well, while the Legislature is in session, to pass a law expunging the small boy?—ED.].....Our Jersey City friends in going on the lunch route, notwithstanding our advice against it. The other day he took in "Snap" Macarthy's free feed, and must have spent fully one hour over the choice victuals set out by "Snap." Never a word had the boy spoken since he struck this little snap, but kept sampling the bean-soup and Irish-stew and fried liver and fish-chowder just as if those good things had been specially provided for him. Surfeited at last, the youth turned to Mr. Macarthy and said: "Did yer ever *see* sich weather as this? Freezes everything solid! Why, up the Delaware there, at Easton, they have had a stunnin' ice-gorge!" "Well," replied Snap, with a cunning leer out of his good eye, "you seem to have had a stunnin' nice gorge here, too!" Jim spoke not another syllable, but went out as though he had been wronged.....That was a great jam at Tammany on the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. It's a wonder some of our enterprising, speculative managers didn't think of buying the house beforehand, and raising the price of admission. There are but few of us Veterans of the War of 1812 left, and Tammany does well to make the most of us while we're here. You cannot give us too many receptions and banquets.....We like to see everybody prosperous and happy, and when we find a man growing wealthier and wealthier every day or so we never fail to call upon that opulent gentleman to offer our congratulations. That will account for our visit to the worthy manager of the Bowery Theatre when we read in the papers that the spectacle of "Baba" had been "produced at a cost of fifty thousand dollars!" Such liberality in mounting a play is deserving of the greatest commendation.....One Cook was here last week lecturing on "*Curious* Events," said to be fruitful of good effects, and is not a comical lecture.....It was nip-and-tuck with them, but they got the horse, and also the man who walked off with the "fiery, untamed steed of the Ukraine breed," at the American Theatre, Philadelphia, recently, when Fanny Buckingham appeared in Cassimer.

.....James was decidedly doing an injustice to a trusting manager from the country who wanted a versatile young gentleman," instead of sending the manager to one of our dramatic agents, the boy very injudiciously gave him a letter of introduction to Campana, the old sport who recently performed at Gilmore's Garden. And that's where Jim erred.....The General Grant's first appearance in "Cork" was not of an encouraging nature, so he will eschew the black-arts [Temperance pledge?—ED.] will please be careful and not make blackguards of them.—ED.] of "Cork" hereafter, and stick to the legitimate leading business in his "Voyage Around the World in Eighty Days" or more..... Emulating the "indisposed" example set by Mapleson's prime-donne, Kellogg became ill last week and cried "Quits" for the time being. But here is not an isolated case just now. "They all do it."

SING-SONG JINGLES.

Sing a song of Strakosch,
A houseful of chips;*
Half of them broken,
The rest in the nips†
Now, when the curtain rais-ed,
Max was in despair:
For Kellogg had got C sick,
And couldn't raise an air.
So, when the op ra opened,
The song-birds couldn't sing;
Now, wasn't that pretty mess,
To set us all aching ?‡

* Chips—Full-paid admissions
† Nips—A thimbleful of soothesness.
‡ Aching—Head of a "*sing!*"

.....The "Linde" at Steinway Hall last week was not the original "East Lynne," as some critics might lead you to suppose it was. "It" was a man, who, proud of having learned to read right and sigh for fame, gave Shakespearian recitals to appreciative audiences.".....Isn't it almost time that Wilhelm with his lower-case I had opened the first of his series of farewell performances? [We do not mean that this delicate little reminder shall do violins to Bill Helm's feelings.—ED.].....In show-life Brooklyn has her Talmage, New York her Pastor, and in the fair Anderson a thousand of Shakespeare's students will soon see her. Patent applied for and pardon granted with extenuating circumstances.—ED.].....The right royal Modjeska was so favorably impressed with the recent cold term that she no longer claims for Poland the championship of icedom, but concedes that freezing is every bit as delightful in America as it is in her own native land.....And, while on the championship subject, permit us to ask, mildly but firmly: "*Where* is the champion piebiter," who was wont to set the table in a dissatisfied roar a few years ago? .... Hooray for Bogardus the shootist! Six thousand glass balls broken out of six thousand and thirteen shot at in Gilmore's Garden, and 7,000 by New Year's, sort of a coincidence would the brittle thread of life have with a dead-aimster like Bogardus drawing a bead on it?.....Among the arrivals in the city last week was *one John Smith!* This is the first mention that has been made of it. We are still "Excelsior."

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Miss Eva Mills this week, we believe, makes her first bow in burlesque opera, as Little Buttercup in "H. M. S. Pinafore." She has, of course, been heard here already as a mere vocalist. The senior Davidge also reappears in the metropolis.....Sankey, though minus Moody, is still in the mood, and is singing in England.....Dan Rice the clown is now weighed down by four children. [2] Washing Adelina Patti to swear when she was a little girl in New Orleans, and I was teaching her horseback-riding. 2 That I did not, for my country's good, buy up the debutante to sell to Barnum, or—even worse—that I ever declined General Sherman for President, when my representative telegraphed me I could get the nomination for about $90,000. 3. Encouraging little boys in early times to stand under a horse's belly as the circus passes over has proved I was morally wrong, from the fact that when they grew up I had to instruct my men to keep a good lookout or they would steal the tent. 4. That I had not followed, over forty years ago, the advice of John Newland Maffit, a great revivalist, to become a minister of the Gospel, instead of a minister of fun."..... Mrs. Mary Kinsella Kennedy, mother of Harry Kennedy of the vent-iloquists, is reported refusing from her residence, 128 Duffield street, Brooklyn, N. Y. She is forty-six years old, and until recently had been an inmate of an English Catholic convent. Robert Burlington-Hawkeye Burdette did not lecture in Hackensack, N. Y., the other night, because he was snow-bound in Utica. Therefore he thus expressed his regrets through *The Utica Herald*:

The Burlington man came out of the West,
In a swallow-tail coat and a cutaway vest.
But he said: "I conjecture—
There's snow channe for a lecture;"
So he conversed and then—he had a rest.

.....De La Harpe is painting special scenery for "King Lear" and the two Edgars at the Broadway Theatre..... The lessee of the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, N. S. W., is to be credited with having refused to allow parties to enter a theatre to which an admission fee is charged to be held in his building on Sunday, declaring that the public is "utterly disgusted with this sectarian lecturing carried on under the mercenary motive." It is believed that Jules Verne is quietly making a tour of this continent. A. J. Y. registered himself at a Massachusetts hotel on the 9th inst., and his signature is identical with that of the author of "Around the World in Eighty Days." Some months ago, it is known, he started forth on a tour in his yacht.....Dr. J. J. McBride, "The King of Pain," who was known to nearly every traveling showman in America, died in Chicago on Dec. 28, at the age of 47 years, and was buried in Calvary Cemetery on the 29th. His ailment was consumption, and our informant adds that he had been confined to his room for fifteen months.....*The London World* in relation how revenge was had by one of the most eminent pianists in that city. He had suffered much from the irrepressible conversation of dressing-room gentlemen, and devised the other day a means of giving a little lesson to the town. He arranged with his violin, his viol-oncello, and the rest that the music should come to a sudden stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the piece, at a given signal from him. It was done. The bawling and shouting ceased suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, high and dry, as it were, upon a shore of silence. Joyous, clear, and distinct above them all rose a voice from the foremost seats, the voice of Lord.....Chesterfield, of Derby were rising upon the startled air: "We always fry ours in lard!".....There is a large probability that Miss. Yeresina Singer, who has startled Rome and Naples with the vocal and dramatic vigor of her forms, will appear in this country next season.....It is a managerial whisper that Chas. Morris' tarries at Baldwin's, San Francisco, were $2,000 a week, and that, refusing $1,500 for a new engagement at Baldwin's, she has contracted to appear at the California Theatre about April, when she will not only go through her present repertory, but will also produce a new play or two. The whisper is furthermore that at the California she will receive sixty-five per cent., but is to furnish six artists from the East as her special support. She has selected them, but as yet they have not been engaged..... Adelina Patti is suffering from inflammation, and at times to such an extent that she is unable to appear before the public. This it is that has led to the report that she had inflammation of the knee-joint, and would probably have to undergo amputation of the limb. Inquiry has elicited that her case has been exaggerated.....Unless he changes his mind, Dion Boucicault will never again visit England professionally.....Mrs. Frank Mordaunt reported to Inspector Dilks on the night of Jan. 7 that her husband, who left his home on the morning of the day before, had been missing ever since. The lady says her husband has enemies, and she fears foul play.....At Chickering Hall, on the night of Jan. 17, Anna Dickinson will deliver her new lecture—"Platform and Stage."..... The late Robert W. Mackey, who was State Treasurer of Pennsylvania for several terms, was an amateur actor in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1857-8, where he was a clerk in Bell's bank by day and a star in the histrionic line by night, and he was especially excellent in the role of Jerry Clip..... Here is a story anent Gus Williams the fiddler. At a private party given in Vienna by a banker he was engaged to play for seven or eight hours, his host having no knowledge whatever of music. 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AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO, ILL., up to Jan. 11 are thus reported by our correspondent: "At McVicker's 'Destiny,' a dramatisation, in a prologue, four acts and an epilogue, of Charles Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities,' by Will F. Sage, had its first representation on the stage (barring a preliminary performance night of Jan. 2 in Milwaukee, which was little more than a dress rehearsal) Jan. 6, to a large audience, and continued the attraction to fair business (which was nowhere good in town) the rest of the week. As a matter of record we append the entire cast:

PROLOGUE.

Dr. Manette	H. Pearson
Jarvis Lorry	J. B. Everham
M. Defarge	W. F. Edwards
Lucie Manette	Miss A. Weaver

DRAMA.

Sydney Carton	G. F. Learock
Charles Darnay	W. Kelly
Dr. Manette	H. Pearson
Jarvis Lorry	J. B. Everham
Raymond Stryver	J. H. Browne
Mons. Defarge	W. F. Edwards
Solomon Pross, alias John Barsad	W. A. Whitecar
Jerry Cruncher	J. Davidson
Little Lucie	Miss S. Mills
Four Jacques	Jas. Devlin, C. Williams, F. Moynihan, C. Webster
Lucie	Miss A. Weaver
Mme. Pross	Miss C. Jamison
Mme. Defarge	Miss J. Graham
Vengeance	Miss H. Fenn
Unknown Girl	Miss B. Melville
Little Lucie	Miss S. Mills

[As our correspondent is the author, he refrains from criticising his own work. Judging from the reviews of the play in the Chicago journals, he has achieved success, and has been warmly complimented for the skill he has displayed in putting the novel in such effective dramatic form. He gives a synopsis of the plot.—ED. CLIPPER.] It follows the story as closely as possible, and is briefly as follows:

The prologue, opening in 1793, shows a novel triple scene, being a street of Paris on one side of the stage, the other Defarge's wine shop, Quarrier San Antoine below, and a chamber above, where Dr. Manette is discovered at the shoemaker's bench. In the shop below are discovered Mme. Defarge and the four Jacques, to whom enters Monsieur De Args. The populace are gathered about as overturned wine-butt up the street, about whom Defarge and the four Jacques hold a revolution. There enter on street Jarvis Lorry and Lucie Manette, who are seeking the latter's father, who has been some twenty years a prisoner. Lorry finding, on inquiry of Mme. Defarge, that the doctor is confined upstairs, they are taken to him, where, after an affecting interview with the old shoemaker, the father recognises his daughter, and the short prologue closes on the effective tableau of his being "recalled to life." The first act opens in 1780, the first scene showing Stryver's law-office, London, where Stryver and his clerk, Sydney Carton, are introduced, exhibiting the contrasts in character of the two men. Stryver departs, Darnay enters, and the physical likeness between him and Carton is shown, yet the dissimilarity in disposition, and how each loves Lucie, the scene closing on an effective tableau of Carton's despairing rage. The second scene of Act I shows the little home in Soho square, London, where Dr. Manette and Lucie are living, attended by Miss Pross. After a brief comedy scene between Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross, the latter exits, Mr. Stryver enters immediately and sounding Lorry as to the prospective results of his suit with Miss Manette. On his departure the doctor and Lucie enter, immediately followed by Carton, who tells the story of the latter's despair, and declares his desire to make any sacrifice for her or any dear to her. After their departure Manette returns, and Darnay enters and proposes to him for Lucie's hand. The scene closes with the Doctor's dismissal, and condition returning on the mysterious connection between Darnay and him being intimated. Lucie rushing in and discovering him after Darnay's departure. Act II opens in 1792, showing the same scene as at the last, with Darnay and Lucie married, and with a little girl of five years. This scene gives a brief picture of their happy home life, which is dispelled by the production of the letter which calls Darnay suddenly to Paris to release his servant, Gabelle. Act III opens on the same scene as that of prologue, three days having elapsed, and shows the arrest, release and rearrest of Darnay, the plots for and against him, and some Western railroad, and was unable to reach here until Thursday night, when he appeared as Essex in "Elisabeth." 13, the Warde & Barrymore "Diplomacy" Company, for one week. The stock go to Baltimore with Mrs. Bowers.....Buffalo Bill and company appear in Martin Hall Jan. 17.

NICK HOSKINS' "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe closed at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Jan. 2. At the matinee on New-Year's Day the house was packed from floor to ceiling, standing-room being with difficulty obtained. "Jack and Jill" was given Jan. 2. Janauschek opens 13.

AT THE WIETING OPERA-HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., Warde & Barrymore's "Diplomacy" Combination returned Jan. 6 by request, and played to a full house. Barney Macauley in "A Messenger from Marm's Section" is announced 13, 14, Buffalo Bill 15.....Charlotte Thompson, announced for 3, was snowed in at Portland, and did not appear. Lawrence Barrett played in "Richelieu" and "The Marble Heart" 10, 11, to fine business. His support, taken from the Detroit Opera-house, leaves him 11, and he opens an engagement in Brooklyn 13.

JOSEPH MURPHY and company opened Jan. 6 in the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre. Business was bad, the weather being very inclement. The combination go to Nashville, Louisville and St. Louis. Lotta opens 14 for three nights and a matinee.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., Zoe Gayton opened Jan. 6, supported by Pope Cooke, Hogan McCarthy, R. B. Buck, V. Thomas, R. F. Wallace, S. C. Halpin, and the Misses Westergall, Lottie Buck, and La Pestie Edith. "The Sea of Ice" was put on in an average manner as regards the scenery, and was played the rest of the week. The attendance was moderately fair. The Wednesday matinee had to be dispensed with owing to trouble with the steam-heating pipes. 13, "Marguerite, or Struck Blind."....Robson and Crane are billed in the Grand Opera-house 20, 21, 22.....As predicted in my last letter," our correspondent says, "a partial collapse of the German Theatre at Maennerchor Hall has taken place, Prof. Szwirschina having thrown up the management and gone to Cincinnati. The company will endeavor to continue performances a while longer."

CHARLES MCINNIS writes to THE CLIPPER that our correspondent in St. Louis, Mo., erred in reporting that during New-Year's week "the Merry Macs appeared in a queer Dutch sketch." They played in an Irish sketch, which was well received.

OUR BOSTON, MASS., report of amusements dated Jan. 13 is as appended: "The dramatic event of the week was the reopening of the Globe Theatre, which has remained closed to the public for six months, and under John Stetson's management the new season was begun most auspiciously Jan. 6, the house being full and the audience alert to regale themselves with the fun and melody of the partially reconstructed 'Evangeline.' The groundwork of the structure is still the same, and with the new arrangement of dialogue and music proved quite as enjoyable as of yore. The cast was distributed among the ladies and gentlemen who during the last four months have given the work throughout the Eastern country, and comprises many original representatives who have made a reputation in our city. Miss Nellie Larkelle as Gabriel is the successor of several more pretentious artists, and, though differing in many points, was wholly pleasing, and her vocalism satisfactory. Miss Eugenia Paul, the Eulalie, was enthusiastically received in her songs in the last act, and answered to no fewer than five encores. E. A. Locke made a comical Le Blanc. His voice is not a singing one, but he made amends by grotesque dancing and mirthful action. Larry Tooley's Captain Deitrich was modeled after General Butler in make-up, and his performance was quiet and unobtrusively funny. Nat D. Jones made much of the stuttering Hans Wagner, and doubled the part with that of the Jailor. Clara Fisher, James S. Maffitt, Harry Josephs and E. S. Tarr reappeared in their old parts of Evangeline, the Lone Fisherman, Catherine Basil and the King with all their old-time success, and the Daly Brothers as the Heifer were as fast in the gymnations of their favorite animal. Gus Williams in the Egyptian pyramid scene introduced several of his characteristic German songs and recitations, including 'Where was Moses when the Light went Out?' and by the fervor with which he was welcomed had evidently not been forgotten by his admirers here. The chorus showed their familiarity with the music and business, the result of long association and practice, and the scenic surroundings were handsome and appropriate. John C. Mullaly presided over an orchestra of sixteen members, and their portion of the work was well done. Business during the week continued excellent. 'Evangeline' will be continued a second and last week, commencing 13, for which Miss Laura Joyce has been engaged to reappear in the title-role. 20, the Standard Theatre Company of New York in 'Almost a Life,' with original cast. Genevieve Ward will be one of the succeeding attractions, and it is not unlikely that Rice's Surprise Party in the new extravaganza 'Revels' will also appear.....The only dramatic performance of the week at the Boston Theatre was on evening of 11, when 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Katharine and Petruchio' were repeated to an enthusiastic audience. 13, John McCullough opens for three weeks as Rolla in 'Pizarro,' which will be produced spectacularly, with Louis James as Pizarro, Ed. J. Buckley as Alonzo, Mrs. Thomas Barry as Elvira, and George R. Titus and chorus as the High Priest and Priestesses. Feb. 3, Strakosch Italian-opera Company, to be succeeded by the melodrama written for this theatre by Victorien Sardou.....'H. M. S. Pinafore' and 'Trial by Jury' have not 'lagged superfluous on the stage' of the Boston Museum, as has been evinced by the large audiences in attendance during the past week, which opened 6 for a complimentary benefit to Musical-conductor John Braham, who was rewarded with the plaudits of a house full of friends. Before the curtain Mrs. Barlow was placed as Hebe by Miss Jean Crozier, who continued in the part the rest of the week. Evening of 11 benefit of Miss Rose Temple, when Messrs. Warren, Crisp, Bing and Miss Annie Clarke made their reappearances in 'A Cup of Tea,' which was added to the existing bill, and which will receive its final representations during a portion of the week of 13, W. D. Howells' comedy of 'A Counterfeit Presentment' being revived 15, afternoon and evening, and 16 with the farce 'Seeing Warren' for the first time for several years. Evening of 18, for the benefit of Henry Crisp, 'A Happy Pair,' 'Partners for Life' and 'Robert Macaire.' 20, engagement of Lawrence Barrett, who opens in 'Richelieu.' 'Le Petit Faust' Feb. 10.....Denman Thompson has continued his portrayal of Uncle Josh in Whitcomb at the Gaiety Theatre to crowded houses, and will continue a fourth and last week, commencing 13, after which he next appears in Brooklyn, N. Y. We stated last week that a party of ladies and gentlemen from Swanzey, N. H., the scene of Mr. Thompson's play, would visit Boston and the Gaiety Theatre for the purpose of testimonising Mr. Thompson as Uncle Josh, but the trip was postponed owing to the death of Joshua Holbrook of Swanzey, the veritable Uncle Josh, and from whom the germ of the character originated. 20, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight and combination in 'Otto.'.....Charles Barron has been at home in this city during the past week.....H. M. Downing has constructed a new play for Yankee Locke, entitled 'Pumpkin Center Night in the Sierras,'.....Miss Georgia Tyler has so far recovered from her long illness as to be able to rejoin the Boston Museum company during Mr. Barrett's engagement.....Barney Macauley and Modjeska will appear at the Globe Theatre during the present season.....Percy Hunting will be the David in Joseph Proctor's drama 'Saul, or the Witch of Endor,' when it is played through the country.....Messrs. Robson and Crane, it is reported, have refused good offers from several Boston managers, and will probably not be seen in Boston this season.....Miss Rose Temple, on the occasion of her benefit at the Boston Museum 11, was presented by Manager Field with a gold locket set with pearls. Her husband, J. H. Jones, is said to be a brother of the well-known organist Henshaw Dana.....We have heard the following story from Thomas Barry of the Boston Theatre would retire from the stage at the close of the present season and marry a prominent Boston merchant.....Stanley Felch will be the Dick Deadeye of 'H. M. S. Pinafore' during the New England tour by the Boston Museum Company.....'Baby' will be played by Charles H. Thayer's Combination in Salem, Mass., 13, East Boston 14, Gloucester 15, Newburyport 16, Portsmouth, N. H., 17, 18, Providence, R. I., 20, 21, 22, 23, New Haven, Ct., 24, 25.....Anthony & Parsons' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' Company are announced for Waltham, Mass., 13, Dedham 14, Kennedy Hall, Boston Highlands, 15, Mcnmouth Hall, Charlestown, 16, Holyoke 17, Springfield 18."

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., Modjeska Kahn's supporting company will appear during the present week, and will be followed 20 by the Warde-Barrymore "Diplomacy" Company. Frank Chanfrau and the Colville burlesque party will successively follow.....Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Pantomime Company will occupy Ford's Opera-house for three nights, commencing 13.

AT FORD'S OPERA-HOUSE, supported by T. W. Keene, R. L. Downing, Geo. Hoey, and John F. Ford's Dramatic Company, appeared at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Jan. 8, 9, 10, 11 in "Julius Cæsar" and "Virginius" to good-sized audiences.....Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe play 14, 15.....Genevieve Rogers follows 16, 17, 18. Raleigh 20, 21, 22, Wilmington, N. C., 23, 24, Raleigh 25, 27, 28.....Modjeska 21, 22, and Warde & Barrymore's Combination 27, 28.

LOTTA'S route has been changed as follows: She will play in Mobile, Ala., Jan. 13; thence by special train to Memphis, Tenn., 14, 15, 16, Nashville 17, 18.

ADA CAVENDISH, supported by T. W. Davey's company, begins a week's season at the Detroit Opera-house 20, following Henry E. Abbey's Park Theatre Company come 20, for one week, "A Celebrated Case" party 27, also a week, their second visit this season. Manager Davey returned 9 after a very successful tour of the South with Lawrence Barrett.....The Criterion Comedy Company played "Our Boys" and "Cash" at the Grand Opera-house 9, 10, 11, to poor business. Nothing engages 13 of the week of 13.

C. L. HOWARD announces that J. S. Montgomery will assume charge of the musical department of his dramatic broker's agency. Thomas Winnett is no longer connected with this office. See card.

THE COURT-SQUARE THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., opened Jan. 6 with Mrs. Howard as Topsy in Smith and Howard's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Frank Roche's Combination appears 27.

GOTTHOLD & RIAL'S COMBINATION opened in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Jan. 1 for three nights and a matinee in Wheeling, W. Va. They play in Steubenville, O., 10, New Brighton, Pa., 11. Route: Sharon 13, New Castle 14, Youngstown, O., 15, Greenville 16, Erie 17, 18, Sandusky, O., 20, Tiffin 21, Van Wert 22, Fort Wayne, Ind., 23, 24, Logansport 25, Lafayette 27, Danville, Ill., 28, Decatur 29.

MAXWELL & FOX'S Dramatic Company, which began a season in Decatur, Mich., Jan. 8, includes G. H. Maxwell, J. W. Fox, G. W. Sayre, A. E. Peck, A. O. Thomas, Adelaide Hill, Madelaine Hardy, Emma Thomas, Josie Fox, and Little Gracie.

G. T. ULMER'S season in Halifax, N. S., is reported as having been pecuniarily unsuccessful. He was tendered a benefit Jan. 9, the hall rent, advertising, etc., being donated.

THE PROPERTIES at the Court-square Theatre, Brooklyn, were last week attached at the suit of the proprietor of the theatre against the lessee, Mr. Calhoun.....The Park Theatre was largely attended during the past week, Crane and Robson as the two Dromios in "The Comedy of Errors" being the attraction. The two Antipluses were admirably personated by Messrs. Hardie and Stuart. This week Lawrence Barrett will appear.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is billed in Rochester, Ind., Jan. 13, 14, Plymouth 16, 17, Warsaw 20, 21.

A NEW PLAY.—Effie Elisler and combination began an engagement in the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., Jan. 6, acting in "The Child of the Regiment," which was repeated 7, "Fanchon" was given 8, and "Bonnie Kate," a new play written by W. H. Young, was acted for the first time 10, with the following cast: Bonnie Kate, Effie Elisler; Florida Vaughn, Florence Baldwin; Janet Lawrence, Ettie Baker; Miss Brooke, Mrs. Estelle Potter; Frank Tarleton, Frank Weston; Ashton Vaughn, F. C. Mosley; George Proctor, Chas. Hawthorne; W. A. Lawrence, J. B. Curran; Will Lawrence, A. H. Canby; Randall Lawrence, Albert Taverner; General Murray, R. C. Hudson; Pierce (a horse-jockey), J. M. Sturgeon; Oscar, John Ogden. From a local journal we extract the following synopsis:

The first four acts are located in England and the last in America. The first two acts are devoted to the introduction of the characters and the development of the attachment of Bonnie Kate for three young men, among whom is Frank Tarleton, whose acquaintance Kate has made by his saving her from a perilous runaway during a fox hunt. The chief feature of the third act is Kate's description of a horse race, the grand-stand being seen at the left of the stage, while the track is supposed to run in an opposite direction. Tarleton's horse fails in the race through treachery, and he rushes on dragging the jockey by the throat. The last named under compulsion discloses that Vaughn, one of Kate's unsuccessful lovers, was his instigator. Tarleton then attacks Vaughn, and a duel is imminent; but fortunately it is frustrated in the next act. In the fourth act a female rival brings about a quarrel between Tarleton and Kate, who drives her lover from her. The jockey, whom Tarleton had punished, lies in ambush and shoots him as he leaves the house; he staggers and falls, and Kate remorsefully kneels over his body. After a supposed lapse of fifteen months the fifth act opens, and Kate is seen in failing health from the effects of the estrangement from her lover; and circumstances now develop the fact that she made the sacrifice in order to shield the honor of the family. Tarleton reappears, the clouds are dispelled, and the play ends happily. Portions of the play are said to be spirited, and its many plans attended with exciting. The play is pronounced a good one, and is reported to have been well acted.

At the Euclid-avenue Opera-house Salsbury's Troubadours played in "Patchwork" and "The Brook" to good business. Kiralfy's Combination open 13.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, Canada, is open for rental, or it can be secured on sharing terms. See card.

MUSICAL.

AT THE TEATRO DE LA PAZ, Havana, Cuba, the operas were: Dec. 29 "Dinorah," 31 "Poliuto," Jan. 1 "Il Guarany," 2 "Dinorah," and 4 "Rigoletto." Signor Music, the musical director, has determined to test the vocal ability of Miss Kitty Maxwell, having accidentally heard her pleasing mellow voice as she was one day playing the organ during the rehearsal. She was formerly one of the Emily Soldene Troupe.

PROF. O. P. STEVENS, a leader of brass band and orchestra, desires an engagement as such with some reliable traveling company. See card.

"LITTLE SWEETLIPS, KEEP YOURS KISSES," a new song by Phil. P. Kell, the words by A. W. French, is now being sung with successful effect by Fred Walz of Emerson's Minstrels. Mr. French speaks of the melody in terms of praise. See card.

WILHELMJ played in Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 9.

"HER MAJESTY'S SHIP—PINAFORE, or the Lass that Loved a Sailor," was produced at the Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 6, for the first time in that city. The principal roles of Josephine and Ralph were agreeably sung by Miss Blanche Chapman and John H. Garner, and the choruses were generally applauded. "Naval Engagements," with Miss Marie Booth, Mrs. G. C. Germon and others in the cast, was given as an afterpiece. The management continues to pin its faith in "Pinafore," which is calls "a tidal wave of success."

SACRED CONCERTS were given at the German Theatre and at Turners' Hall, Philadelphia, on Jan. 5, policemen being in attendance to see that there were no stage-performances given at either place.....Prof. Herman Braun, violoncello-soloist, gave a concert at Frankford 8.....A concert for the benefit of the Belmont Cricket Club was given at West Philadelphia Institute 8.....Miss Lizzie Macartney and other soloists assisted in a concert at the Church of the Sacred Heart 12. The Hayes Quartet are giving church concerts in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

KELLOGG AND CARY inaugurate a short season of Italian opera at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Jan. 18, and on Feb. 10 Col. Mapleson's troupe will commence a season at the same establishment.

AT HOOLEY'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., the Hess English-opera Company did a good business last week on the Abbott nights, the other nights being only fair. Miss Abbott appeared in "Mignon" 6, "Bohemian Girl" 7, "Faust" for her benefit 8, "Martana" matinee 11. Miss Annis Montague appeared in "Fra Diavolo" 7, "Chimes of Normandy" matinee 8 and evenings 9, 11. The support of both sopranos by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and Messrs. Turner, Ryse, G. F. Hall and Warren was excellent and reliable. Hess' company go to Louisville.....The Tracy Titus Opera Company did not go to Milwaukee, but closed the week after the Abbott season in Chicago. Most of the party are still here.....The Mapleson Opera Company begin a two weeks' season at Haverly's 13, Miss Minnie Hauk opening in "Carmen."....The Farini Opera Troupe returned from a successful tour in the Northwest 7. Letter of Jan. 11.

"TINY HANDS" and "Baby Feet" are the titles of two graceful little songs by T. B. Kelly, which are meeting with deserved popularity. They have taking and expressive melodies, and are well harmonized. The title pages present handsome pictures of the composer's baby children. From the same composer we have the songs "Kathleen is Coming to Me" and "Sweet Little Rose of the Lea," in which the sentiment of the words of the last named is happy effect in good melodious construction. They are rapidly becoming a place in the repertory of popular songs, and are nightly heard in the programmes of several of our minstrel companies, and always with success. The publishers' address can be found in another column.

S. S. STEWART, the banjo-manufacturer, has removed to handsome apartments at 531 Arch street, Philadelphia, where he can be noticed in his card elsewhere. He will still make a specialty of the "American Star Banjo" and of Albert's "American Star Violin."

TUNES are arranged for various instruments by John Magez, who advertises.

FRANK GOSHA'S banjos and his methods of instruction are advertised in another column.

E. D. BALDWIN, who has a service that he can furnish an orchestra and brass band for theatre or circus.

J. T. DALTON and Miss Sallie Holman, members of the Holman Opera Troupe, were married in Toronto, Ont., Jan. 2. So reports our correspondent.

THE ARABELLA ROOT Concert Company sang in Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 6, Davenport 7, Ottawa, Ill., 8, Joliet 9, Valparaiso, Ind., 10.

THE MARIE LA MAR COMPANY were in Piqua, O., Jan. 7, Delaware 8, Toledo 9, Ann Arbor, Mich., 10, Hillsdale 11, and are billed in Marshall 14, Battle Creek 15, Grand Rapids 16.

MME. CAMILLA URSO performed in Toledo, O., Jan. 9, to a good house.....Mrs. H. M. Smith appears 13, with a concert company.

BLIND TOM'S business at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, the past week was only fair. Route: Alexandria, Va., 13, 14, Staunton 15, and rest of the week.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB of Boston are to perform in Richmond, Va., Jan. 27, 28.

FIRST-CLASS MUSICIANS are wanted for Havana, Cuba. See Orrin Brothers' card.

THE MARTINEZ OPERA COMPANY open in Montreal, P. Q., Jan. 13, for one week.

THE QUEEN SISTERS' COMBINATION are billed in Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 13, 14, 15, to be followed by the Berger Family 16, 17, 18.

GILMORE'S BAND, De Muriska, Rossini, Levy, and Bernstein were greeted with a large attendance in Troy, N. Y., Jan. 8, the night succeeding their appearance at the reception at the new Capitol, Albany. De Muriska and Levy were encored to the echo, and the whole troupe became the hit the taste of the multitude. Levy was annoyed by a petty constable before the entertainment, who attached the artist's cornet for an indebtedness of $10, contracted by the manager with whom Levy was associated several years ago. Levy paid the bill.

"AIDA" was to have been performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Jan. 11, but in consequence of Miss Kellogg's illness "Favorita" was substituted. There was a full house, despite the change.

MUSICIANS, ATTENTION!—The following letter will be found self-explanatory:

NATIONAL HOME, Milwaukee, WIS., Jan. 8, 1879.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* As there are probably quite a number of musicians who are out of employment during these hard times, and are entitled to the benefit of this home, you could do them a service by giving the following information: Any musician who has been honorably discharged from the service of the United States, and is disabled either by wounds or from disease contracted while in the late war, is entitled to the benefits of this home. The duties are light. In the Summer the band give a concert every evening in the band pavilion, and during the Winter play in the Home Concert Hall four times a week, besides rehearsing one hour a day. During the Summer months they receive money besides their wages by playing for picnics, dances, etc., on the Home grounds. The commanding officer (Gen. E. W. Hincks) gives the band every opportunity for making extra money by taking such engagements as they can procure in the city. The band made over six hundred dollars last season besides their regular wages. Any information required will be readily furnished by me on application.

Yours truly, H. JENSON, Band-master.

THE SPAULDINGS are evidently as popular as ever in Boston and vicinity, as will be seen by the appended press-notices:

SUNDAY CONCERT AT THE GAIETY.—The seventh of the series of Sunday evening concerts at the Gaiety Theatre was given last evening by the Spaulding Bellringers, Cornet Band and Orchestra. There was a good house, and the performance aroused much enthusiasm, nearly every number on the programme being encored. Among them the solos on different instruments by Georgie Dean Spaulding, the performances by little Kittie and Willie, and the bellringing. The concert was one of the most successful yet given at the Gaiety.—*Boston Herald.*

The Gaiety Theatre was well filled last evening, the attraction being a concert by the Spaulding Bellringers' Combination, which appeared in a programme rich in vocal and instrumental music. The performance on the bells, and the varied instrumental selections by Georgie Dean Spaulding, elicited great applause.—*Boston Herald.*

Spaulding's Bellringers appeared at the City Hall last week and were greeted with a very large audience, and the musical efforts of the combination were pronounced as the most pleasing and varied ever given in this city.—*Lawrence (Mass.) Daily American.*

Mrs. H. M. SMITH'S Concert Company played to a small audience Jan. 8 in Detroit, Mich.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON, MASS.—Her Majesty's Opera Company appeared the past week at the Boston Theatre Jan. 6 in "I Puritani;" 7, "Carmen;" 8, "Rigoletto;" 9, "Faust;" 10, "Il Flanto Magico" (debut there of Marie Rose); matinee 11, "Lucia di Lammermoor."....The consoling concert in the Old Bay State course of entertainments was given in Music Hall 6 by the Adelaide Philippa Operatic Concert Company. Signor Rapolli, tenor, replaced Tom Karl, who was mowed up in New Orleans. Miss Rose Hersee, soprano, of the Boston Musical Society have been elected: President, Louis Weisbein; vice-president, M. Quincy; recording secretary, W. Walsch; corresponding secretary, C. Mittell; treasurer, H. Saltonstall; librarian, Gerrit Smith; conductor, G. Fiedler.....Barnabee's Concert Troupe appeared at the Tremont Temple 7 for the benefit of the Industrial Home. It consisted of Mrs. H. M. Carter, soprano; Miss Holbrook, contralto; Mr. Bartlett, tenor; Mr. H. C. Barnabee, bass; R. Shuebruk, corne'-soloist; and Howard M. Dow, accompanist.....The third symphony concert of the Howard Musical Association 12 by Marie Harvey, an English soprano, her first appearance in America; Eugene O. Jepson, tenor, of Denman Thompson's dramatic company; the Gaiety Theatre Quartette; Prof. A. Muller, harmonicon-ist; the Boston Cadet orchestra, and the Hambro Children in scenes from "The Lady of Lyons."....Edward R. Perry the blind pianist gives, with the assistance of Miss Clara Poole, soprano, a piano recital at Hawthorne Hall 13.....The Somerville Choral Union give an old folks' concert at Hadly Hall, Somerville, 13.....The Highland Chorus, under the direction of H. K. White Jr., hold their 3rd rehearsal at Kennedy Hall, Boston Highlands, 14.....The Cheney Concert Company, composed of George L. Cheney, humorous vocalist; Miss Clara Upham, soprano; Miss Edith Christie, violinist; A. M. Bell, tenor; Miss Ida F. Allen, pianist; J. R. Lackey, cornet-soloist; and James W. Cheeney, baritone and pianist, give the next Somerset entertainment at Tremont Temple 15.....The Enterpe gives their first concert at Mechanics' Hall 13.....Signor Brignoli sings at the complimentary concert tendered Miss Laura Schirmer at Music Hall 20.....The second series of concerts at Music Hall 25, 26, 27, 28.....The Lilliputian Opera Company are to sing in Worcester, Mass., 13, Springfield 14, Stamford, Ct., 15, Meriden 16, Hartford 17, 18.

CINCINNATI NOTES.—The College of Music is a financial success.....The Thomas Orchestra had a public rehearsal at Music Hall afternoon of Jan 6. Mr. E. E. Jacobsohn gave a violin-solo. The fifth public rehearsal takes place afternoon 23, with George E. Whiting as soloist on the organ. The fifth concert occurs evening 22, when Wilhelmj will make his second appearance for the season.....The German Military Band is giving concerts for the season at the Bellevue House.

"CAPTAIN BOTTOM ON THE WAVE" is the title of a new polka-galop for the piano by Strauss. The piece is highly descriptive, richly harmonized, and published with a handsome lithographic title-page, in which the captain's portrait is the central picture, surrounded by little sketches of incidents in his seafaring career. It is published by C. M. Brinkerhoff, as per card.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE MILWAUKEE (WIS.) THEATRE the departures Jan. 13 were Cummings and Hines, to Fort Wayne, Ind.; Geo. and Lizzie Derious, Indianapolis; Shed Le Clair and Lizzie Shelton, unknown. Announcements for 13: Jackson and Keef and Carrie Howard.

AT THE VOLKS' THEATRE, Brooklyn, the new people this week include Sanford and Wilson, Hugh Fay, Shearer and Foster, J. F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan, Watson and Ellis, Alice Somers and the Austins.....At the Mozart Garden Madame Anderson closes her walking feat on the night of Jan. 13. The houses have been crowded to excess nightly during the week at increased prices of admission.

PERFORMERS can find engagements at the Jersey City (N. J.) Varieties. See advertisement.

LADY VOCALISTS, song-and-dance and character artists are wanted by T. H. Winnett, who advertises.

MANAGERS TRYON & STINSON set before the habitues of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., last week, a bill of novelties and old attractions which, from the infrequency of their representation, have the air of freshness, and which introduced two veterans in their respective lines, Yankee Locke and Kate Fisher, the former opening the programme with his characteristic performance of Nathan Tucker in the farce "A Wife for a Day." The ollo again presented the Novello Quartet in vocal selections and imitations of a brass band; Charles Burgess in Dutch songs and sayings; a series of posturing feats by J. and A. Martinetti, Belle (Gabrielle and Pauline Martinetti; songs and jig by Miss Jennie Yeamans; Frank Budworth's act of "The Aged Darky;" serio-comic songs and recitation of a parody on "Barbara Freitchie" by Carrie Lewis; the three Snow Brothers in athletic performance, a capital hat-throwing act and introduction of Prof. Fryer's trained dogs by Ben Snow, the evening's entertainment closing with the melodrama "Mike Martin," with Kate Fisher and her horse Black Bess as Lightfoot and his steed, Yankee Locke as Barnaby Boot, T. J. Martin as Thunderbolt, the remaining characters being distributed to the Misses Mary Myrtle, Jennie Yeamans, Marian Fiske, F. Brante, and the Messrs. George R. Hill, Charles Sturges, John Davies, T. N. Edwards, Frank Budworth, Harry Gwynette, Harris J. Gardner and Williams. Business for the week, fair. Engaged for week of 13: Pauline Markham, Miss Sydney Nelson, Dora Merion, Alice Siedler, Mons. Albert, Mlle. Rosarie, Crossley and Elder, and Doty and Malcom. 20, Tony Pastor and company.....The Boylston Museum was largely attended during the past week, the rejoicing attraction being the spectacular drama "A Tale of Enchantment," incorporated with which was a variety entertainment furnished by the contortion song-and-dance artists the Mackie Brothers; a ballet, led by Josie Farron, Jennie Eagan and Eveline Constantine; songs by May Hamilton; Billy, Mary and Lew Milton in clog and jig dances; banjoisms by John M. Turner; and a grand march of the Amazons, led by Miss Mollie Williams, who appears as Stalacta. Announcements for week of 13: Johnny Carroll, Fred A. Plaisted the carsman, Miss Frankie Christie, Harry Bennett, Hall and De Bar, Bob and Nellie Brimmer, Miss Verona Carrol, and Lou and Lizzie Starr. Letter of Jan. 12.

VARIETY NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to Jan. 11, is sent by our correspondent as below: "At the Academy a fair attendance has prevailed. The novel features comprised Minnie Rainforth in songs, Murphy and Morton in Irish songs-and-dances, 'Yank' Adams in his finger-billiard exhibitions, the Kine Brothers in musical instrumentations, Moore and Lessenger in German songs-and-dances, and Chas. A. Gardner, who closed the show in the sketch of 'Weston the Walker.' Departures 12: Fanny V. Reynolds, Fanny Beane and Chas. Gilday, 'Yank' Adams, Moore and Lessenger, and J. W. McAndrews, the last to New York. Arrivals 13: Emerson, Clark and the Daly Bros., Jule Keen and Sallie Adams, and Louise Montague. Manager Emmett has bought of O. E. Bennett, Jackson, Mich., the bay mare Nettie, who reputed trots in 2:30. He has also bought the roan gelding Clifton from O. B Dickenson of this city. He will shortly use them both on the road. Under the combined proprietorship of Walker & Wurster, the business-management of John R. Allen, and the stage-direction of Harry Wood, the Metropolitan seems to have taken a new lease of life. The show presented the past week was admirable in every respect. It opened with the farce of "The Midnight Wedding;" Maura and Leon in parlor gymnastics; the La Rue Children—John and William—in character songs-and-dances; Mark Hughes and Dave Oaks in negro eccentricities; Lydia Yeamans in songs-and-dances; Harry and Fanny Wood in character sketches; Little Andy Anderson's essence; Ernest Booth in his sketch, "Tintypes," introducing limitations of celebrated actors; and Lou Vawsour in ballads. The show closed with the farce of "They Would Go Visiting." Closing with the week: Maura and Leon, the La Rues, John Riley, E. A. Booth, Lydia Yeamans. Opening 13: M. W. Fiske (late of 'Titus' Opera Troupe) and Susie Parker in "The Snowbird," Willis Pickert and Wm. Hayle, "Maggie Grey" (who has recovered from ill-health her last engagement at this house), Girard and Knowles.....Manager Hamlin has made a change of policy in his house the past week in again allowing the privilege of smoking, which has so far resulted in greatly improved business. The novelties included Oscar Willis, the Ethiopian comedian (and not the man with dogs, as inadvertently stated last week), and the musical sketch artists, Don Ferreyra, the man-flute; Miss Regina Willard (her first appearance on any stage), who gave songs-and-dances acceptably, attired in a gorgeous costume; and Fanny Herring, supported by the company, in 'The Red Hand.' Closing with the week: Don Ferreyra, to join Emerson's Minstrels; Fanny Herring, Toledo. Coming 13: The Four Aces, Viola Clifton, George Lance and Dora Wilson in a new drama."

ALIDA SHOWERS, jig-dancer and general variety performer, died suddenly in Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 10. An hour before her death she was walking about her room. Congestion of the brain was the cause of her demise. Her last engagement was played about a month ago at a small place on Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Broadway and Fourth street, Brooklyn, E. D., opens Jan. 27, and the management advertises for first-class artists and an orchestra.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL COMIQUE, Philadelphia, the new people Jan. 6 were Maggie and Billy Ray, Cherrie Chapman and George L. Garland, Kearney and Powers, Eugene and Gaston, Frank Lewis, Miss Barrie Durrell and Barney McNulty. Those commencing 13 are the Boissett Family, the Westons, Goldie, Steele and St. Clair, Redmond and Clifton, and Carlton.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, the novel features of the past week included the specialties of the Livingston Brothers and John Murtz, George Kurtz and Nellie Brooks, Eugene Blitz, the Ronaldos, Charley Benedict and the Arnott Sisters. Extra novelties are promised for this week.

HARRY RICHMOND, who was admitted to bail on the 11th, is announced to commence an engagement at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 13; Frank and Eugene Suydam also opening on that date.

THE NEW FACES at the Arcade Garden, Philadelphia, Jan. 6, were Bob and Nellie Brimmer, Stiles and Manning, Grace Levanti, La Martin Brothers, James King, Wilson and Bertha, and the Albama Jubilee Quintet. The Stetson Sisters, female boxers, and others open Jan. 13. At this house they "defy the world."

MINNIE RAINFORTH, motto-vocalist, announces her first open date as Feb. 17. She sang at the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., during the past week, and can be addressed as per card.

JOHN BASS, late supported by Mrs. E. C. Buell, professionally known as Carrie Christie, died in St. Louisville, O., Dec. 27 last.

THE ELERSONS—Frank and Albert—musical specialty artists, now with the Boston Lyceum Combination, announce elsewhere that they have open dates after Feb. 24.

A COMBINATION which, under the management of the Boston Lyceum, started on a tour of the New England States Jan. 7, includes W. P. Calton, leader; John Latour and Girard Ross in songs-and-dances and musical specialties; J. W. Gardner, acrobatic song-and-dance; J. Jay Banta, dancer, mimic and vocalist; Wm. Deforest, old-man specialties;

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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That the thanks of the Association be tendered to MR. AND MRS J. H. HAVERLY for their substantial cash donation to the Benevolent Fund of the Society; also to MRS. JOHN E. GORMAN for her great kindness in presenting a very handsome New-Year's gift in the form of a beautiful and massive New-Year's cake; also to CAPT. THAIR of City Hotel, Providence, R. I., for his kind attention during the BANQUET held by this Association at his hotel on Christmas-night. (Signed) HARRY KENNEDY, Act'g Sec'y and Treas. U. M. T. B. A.; E. QUINN, Pres. 1*

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